# new masses

AUGUST 6, 1946

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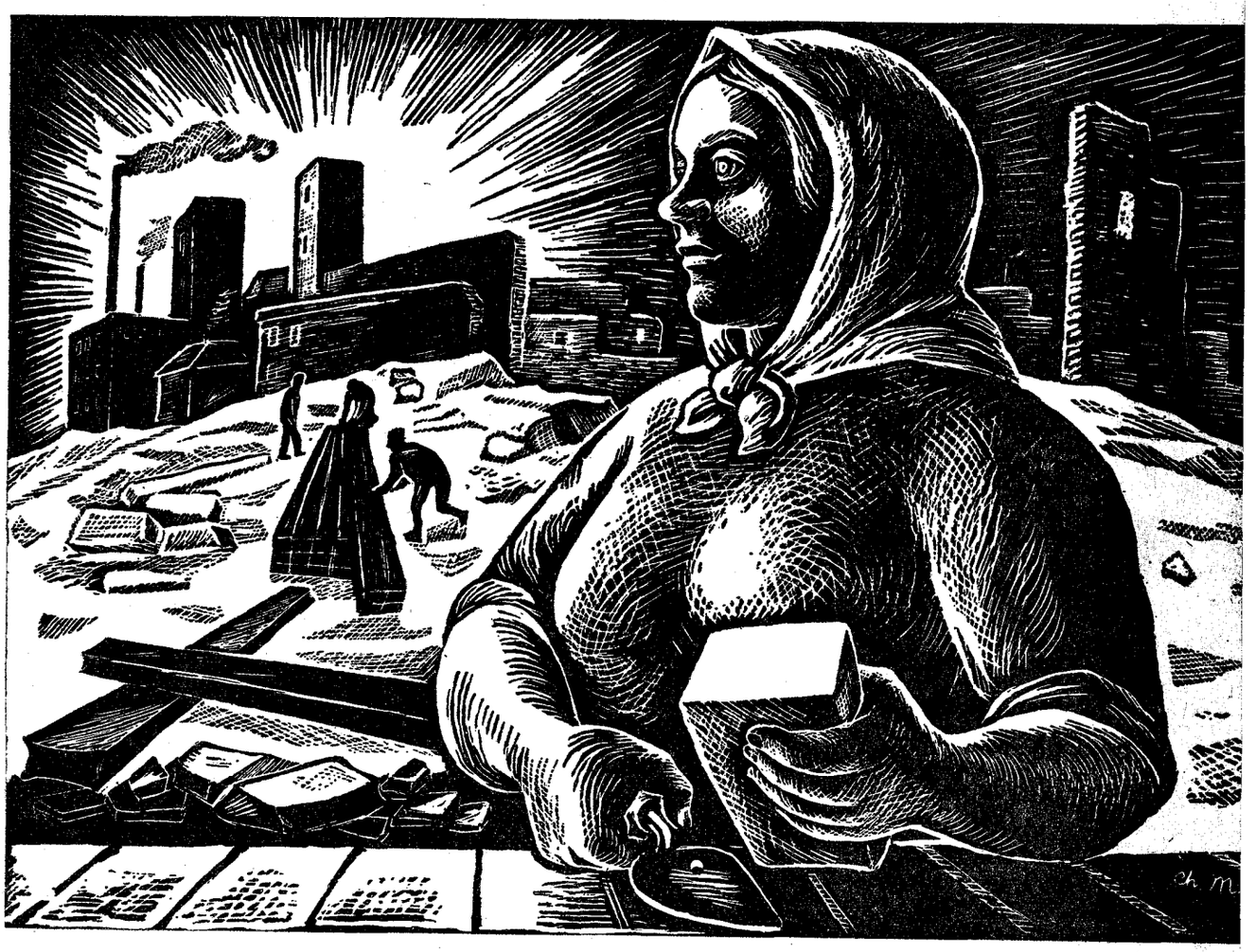

## WHAT ABOUT THE VETO? by Joseph Starobin

## ALFRED STIEGLITZ: 1864-1946 by Paul Strand

## PROTECTING THE SOVIET WORKER by Beatrice King

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# just a minute

LESLIE GOULD, an otherwise all-right guy, is a punster. More practically, he's our make-up man—dummying up and laying out each issue. He does both—punning and making-up, that is—at the same time. The make-up is good, as you know. Until our last issue you, our readers, have been spared the pungent humor of this double-barreled genius. But we knew it would happen sooner or later: one of his gags would land on the dummied pages and stick. It was Herb Kruckman's cartoon. You remember, a group of Upper Class Jerks are playing croquet and Les had one of them say: *"Don't get excited Cuthbert, I said 'wicket' not 'picket'!"* See what we mean?

Not that this was the first time Les' gift for gag has appeared in NM. One day while subway riding he saw a fellow-traveler reading a paper across the aisle. On the front and back pages of the rag were these two headlines: GIANTS LOSE 6-4 and GROMYKO LOSES 8-3. Art Editor Charlie Keller's version of the scene appeared as a cartoon in a recent issue.

DO YOU have an eye or an ear for gags, satire, humorous situation? If so, here's a chance for you to become a contributor to NM. We will pay ten million Hungarian pengoes ($1.00 American money) for every gag accepted and used in the magazine. So when you hear something funny or see something which would lend itself to cartoon use, pass it along to our Art Editor.

AND now a message to artists and art-lovers from Keller again: "Henceforth we shall credit galleries, museums and photographers whose work we reproduce, and we wish to thank those who, in the past, have appeared all too anonymously in our pages (*eg.* Sid Grossman's photo of Josh White and Earl Robinson and New Age Gallery, agents for Abramovitz and J. L. Wells.)"

And another message from Keller: "From time to time requests have come in to purchase the original drawings and prints reproduced in NM. And since many of our artists have agreed to sell their work through the magazine on a fifty-fifty basis, we are happy to announce this service to both our readers and our artists."

And still more Keller (this "commercial" reminds us of those daytime soap-operas which take up ten of the program's fifteen minutes): "We are trying to locate the following artists, former contributors to NM, whose addresses we do not have. We would like to return the originals of their used work and to request more of their drawings and prints: Abit, Brennan, Cornin, Heliker, Hogarth, Hudson, Nakata, Myers, Steinberg, Tanenbaum, Kop, Roja, Ross, Reiss, Hartman, Maud, Wald, Dibroyo, Kopischiansky, Dobell, Hamlin, Alexander, Yukerson, Rubin, Gross, Binder, Kolsky."

MORE on art, artists and NM (last week this department had a poetry binge): We wonder what has become of our anonymous art critic in Washington, D. C.? He or she was wont to collect a number of the little decorative "spots" we use to garnish some of our pages and type a critical opinion on each of the clippings. With the single-mindedness of a Cato our unknown critic invariably made the same devastating notation.

Perhaps his silence is an eloquent commentary on our continued perversity. We've often wondered who he was and what he did in that great center of government. In letting our imagination roam we've liked to believe that maybe he was even one of those "Reds" in the State Department of whom we hear so much in Congress and the reactionary press. We see him in our mind's eye sitting there in his red-tape cocoon surreptitiously clipping NM's spot drawings and typing on them his bitter query: *"Art is a weapon?"*

THROUGH a misunderstanding the name of St. Clair Drake was not included as co-author with Horace R. Cayton of the article "Whose Dilemma?" published under Mr. Cayton's name in our July 23 issue. Mr. Drake was co-author with Mr. Cayton of the book, *Black Metropolis.*

L. L. B.


# new masses

established 1911



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# DEATH TO THE LYNCHERS!

## An Editorial by LLOYD L. BROWN

WHEN the news came from Georgia millions in our country must have felt as I did—a terrible anger, a hatred that could blast and kill. And, with it too, a momentary feeling of impotence and shame that now, *today*, we cannot once and for all time burn out with the hot iron of implacable justice this monstrous evil which stalks our land.

Later on, when my wife and I wheeled our baby out to the little park which is an oasis of green in this crowded Harlem community, I talked with my neighbors about what had happened. Or rather, I joined in their talk. We went over the facts as we knew them: how two young Negro farm-hands, Roger Malcolm and George Dorsey, and their wives had been slaughtered along a lonely country road near Monroe, Georgia, by a band of twenty white men. But you know the story in greater detail by now.

We talked about how these lynchers were no maddened mob, killing in a momentary craze. No, they were an organized detachment of bilbos and rankins, executing their victims with the cold-blooded efficiency of the Gestapo exterminating Jews.

"Talking about Jews," Mrs. Williams said, bouncing her grandson on her lap, "looks like our folks in the South will have to get together and fight for their lives like the Jews are doing in Palestine." At this my friend Henry, who got his "ruptured duck" a few months back, spoke up for the first time. "That's it, yes, I really think that's it. The way things are going we might have to start a resistance movement of our own. And I'll bet a lot of the vets would go for something like that." Heads nodded agreement. Someone mentioned the fact that young Dorsey was a veteran of five years' Army service and had recently returned from the Pacific, and this led to talk about another twenty-seven-year-old veteran, Isaac Woodard Jr., up in the Bronx.

Remember Isaac Woodard? His eyes were gouged out by a Negro-hating cop in Aiken, South Carolina, last February only a few hours after he received his honorable discharge—and the letter from the President which said: *"To you who answered the call of your country and served in its Armed Forces to bring about the total defeat of the enemy, I extend the heartfelt thanks of a grateful nation . . . we now look to you for leadership and example in further exalting our country in peace."* I told my friends what Isaac said to the press recently: "Never once while overseas did I have an idea that such a thing as happened to me could exist. The real battle has just begun in America. We have to fight another struggle that I think outweighs the war. I haven't allowed myself to become discouraged in any way and I'm planning to devote the rest of my life to helping my people win a better life in this country."

I felt better after this neighborhood park-bench forum—that my people, like Isaac Woodard, are not discouraged and are determined to resist. Yes, there already exists a resistance movement in our country—a self-defense struggle by the Negro people against lynch-terror, Jim Crowism and discrimination. That is the great significance of Columbia, Tennessee—that there the Negro community organized itself and fought back against the murderous attackers. And that is why it is so important that an aroused public pressure compel the acquittal and release of the twenty-five Negro defendants in the Columbia trial. The right of the Negro people to defend themselves must be established.

THE fact that thousands of Negroes defied the terrorist threats and voted in the recent Southern primaries indicates that the Negro people are in the rising tide of democracy in the South. And this points up another fact which, I feel, is the crux of the whole problem. The bourbons see the handwriting on the wall: there is the growing trade union movement, especially the CIO's "Operation Dixie," and the developing progressive political trend which was shown in the Georgia primaries where a majority of the people voted against Talmadge even though he won the nomination.

These violent attacks upon the Negro people, a calculated fascist assault upon a racial minority, are a provocation whose aim is to disrupt and disperse the forces attempting to bring a new day to the South. These lynchings have the same motivation as the pogrom incitements by the reactionaries in Poland—although, of course, we do not have any comparable degree of democratic advance in our country. If we did, by tomorrow morning the twenty Georgia lynchers would be in jail and by the time this issue got on the newsstands they would all be tried and hanged.

In addition to their own strength the Negro people have powerful allies: the Communists who have championed our cause since the days of Scottsboro, the progressive labor unions, many liberal-progressive groups throughout the country. This Georgia massacre calls to all of us to move into action as one man; *to demand that every agency of the government be used to track down the lynchers and mete out to them swift and deadly justice.*

Let no one be so misled as to sit back and think that the Truman administration will, on its own, take the necessary steps. The rabble-rousing speech of Attorney General Tom Clark in Chicago, the recent War Department edict that for an indefinite period no more Negroes shall be admitted into the Army, Truman's failure to fight for the life of FEPC and for enactment of the anti-lynching bill, the discrimination against Negro veterans by the Federal authorities—all of this has given comfort and encouragement to the skulking KKK and the nightriders of racist reaction.

This must be a peoples' fight and every one with a spark of decency must stand up and be counted in this offensive against the lynchers and their collaborators and backers. Routine reports of "investigation," mealy-mouthed expressions of "regret"—these must be swept aside by the roar of America's demand for immediate emergency action.

And let us not stop with appeals and clamor to the government. Somewhere in the files of the United Nations is an appeal of the Negro people to the UN to investigate and take action against the oppression of thirteen million Negroes in the U.S. That appeal must be heard, it must be answered. Let the smooth-talking Mr. Byrnes answer to the peoples of the world for the crimes being committed by the ruling class which he represents. Then let all nations join in the cry: *Death to the lynchers!*



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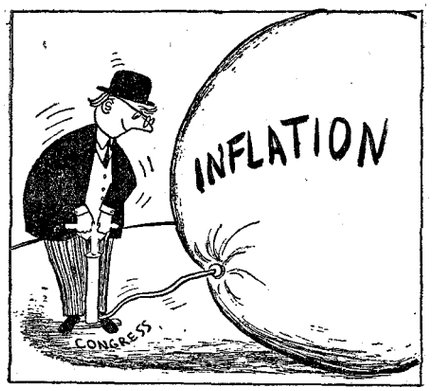
# DETROIT FIGHTS BACK

***When the OPA went out of business the night of June 30, the Detroit auto workers went into action. The battle enters the political arena.***

**By ABNER W. BERRY**

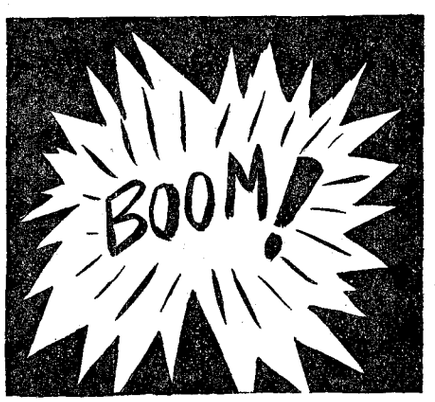
DETROIT is unpredictably American. It is a big city among the world's cities which studiously and self-consciously retains the atmosphere of the small town. And like a small town it is well-knit. That is part of the reason for the high level of the fight here against the death of price control. The other part of the answer is that more and more during the past ten years the labor movement superimposed itself upon, and is replacing, the village provincialism as the commu-




nity adhesive factor. "Labor Movement" in Detroit is just about synonymous with "UAW-CIO." It's a home-grown product, a social offshoot of auto manufacturing which has turned on the paternal barons and forced them to accept some form of law in labor relations. But the UAW-CIO is still a "cowboy outfit," not too much interested in issues beyond wages and hours, still "rank and file," jealous of democratic control; still the husky village boy who refuses to be high-hatted and shoved around.

So when the OPA went out of business on the night of June 30, the UAW cowboys got set to ride. An eager landlord raised the rent of a UAW member and, without benefit of court, padlocked the apartment. More angered than anxious, a UAW flying squad broke the lock and placed the union man back into his home. The local daily press was alarmed at this "taking of the law into private hands" and called on the law enforcement agencies to act. The state legislature at the insistence of Governor Kelly rescued the landlords—or at least thought it did—by passing legislation limiting raises in rent to fifteen percent.

The legislation was labelled "rent control," but the workers understood that this was only an attempt to legalize the rent gouge. They answered with a call to tenants not to pay the fifteen percent raises until a national rent control act had been passed. This was one among the *four don'ts* emphasized by Dick Leonard, UAW-PAC director, at a giant Price Control Rally in Cadillac Square. Since the demonstration of some 80,000 supported by AFL unions, veterans and professional groups, New Deal Democrats, Negro organizations, small businessmen and community associations, there have been few reports of evictions due to rent raises. In fact, it is said that unless a tenant is proved a nuisance, or refuses to pay rent altogether, or is frightened by the landlord into moving of his own accord, he is assured a roof




over his head. The one exception to this is the home which is bought from under; the new owner can get possession within six months at least. The landlords are held in check not so much by the concern of the courts and officials, but by the respect these agencies have for the organized might of the automobile workers.

The Cadillac Square demonstration was really the summing up of mass feeling long expressed individually by almost everyone here. The ex-GI, returned to the shop and the speed-up after a long hitch in the army overseas, saw his dream slipping through his fingers. His home was snafued in Washington red tape while he sweated it out with in-laws; his car and radio and washing machine were still away out of his reach—why he couldn't even get a jallopy at the fancy prices asked on used car lots. And now they were taking five bucks a week out of his weekly fifty-dollar pay check (that is if he worked a full week. Auto workers are not fifty-two-week workers and they are lucky to average thirty-five to fifty dollars a week in a year's work). So he shouts to his seat companion over the motor noises of the bus:

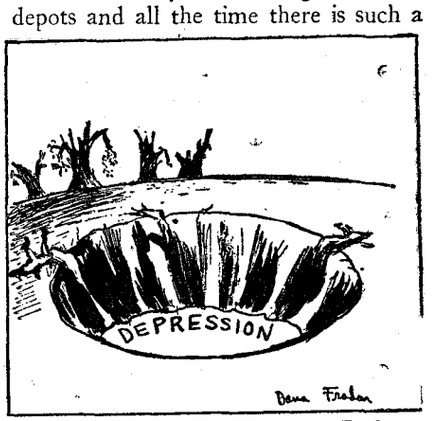
"Boy! You can get all the butter and meat you want now. There ain't no more shortage since there ain't no more ceiling on prices."

"Yeah," his companion answers, "the coolers and warehouses must have been full. But I told the missus to let the stuff rot in the store before we pay the prices they are asking for it."

"That's just the way I feel about it, too. But we have to get some stuff for the kids—milk and eggs. Anyway they haven't gone up so much."

"You know the way I figure it out the big boys are just making a racket out of the country—out of the whole country."

THE conversation continues and they tell each other about the acres and acres of military cars rusting in various depots and all the time there is such a




Dana Fradon.



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**"Picket Line," a sketch by Kleinholz.**

shortage of transportation for guys to get to and from work. "Why they promised us all a cheap jeep, remember? Now they want 1300 for one. And those guys who used to say there was a shortage of things because everything was being sent overseas don't have the same old excuse at all. It looks to me that they are in a position to turn the goods on and off just like you and I turn a faucet handle."

One of the fellows is a moulder and works in the production foundry at Ford's Rouge plant. He tells how he "sure has been putting it out." In the old days he says that for a man to turn out thirty-five water jackets was a good performance; but now a "good day runs up as high as 120."

These two men represent from one-third to one-half of the population. It isn't hard to determine their influence on the storekeeper, the doctor, the lawyer and other layers of the population. He is a veteran, many times he is a Negro, sometimes a Pole, at other times he is from the hill country of Kentucky and Tennessee; he may have migrated here from England, Canada, Russia, Italy or he may be an American Indian. But he is an auto worker and he has to be listened to—and is. That is why following the Cadillac Square demonstration prices came down in Detroit.

Before the demonstration the *Free Press* editorialized against it; after the demonstration the same paper tried to laugh it off. Two days after the demonstration the *Free Press*, which has been even more outspoken for the NAM than Hearst's *Times*, announced: "Meat Sales Unchanged Despite Rally." However, on the next day the same writer in the same paper spoke out of the other side of the mouth. "Meat prices fall off as buying slumps," read the headline. But that isn't all. Butchers and clerks outnumbered customers in most shops visited. And at the Detroit Stock Yards hogs dropped from $22.50 a hundred to $20 a hundred. The price in Chicago was $25.75 at the same time. The drop in Detroit, while indicative of what organized buyers' strength can accomplish, only emphasizes the need for federal price control, because the $20 price is still a near record high.

The buyers' strike set off by the UAW was not the organized kind of strike that New Yorkers are used to witnessing with mass picket lines and open-air meetings in front of stores. Only one or two stores were actually picketed. In most communities the "strike" carried because of union authority and discipline. Every neighborhood, except the most exclusive, is a workers' neighborhood—an auto workers' neighborhood. Even if the individual worker was not at the demonstration his wife read of it and told him when he came home. She explained to him why there was no meat on the table. And then they smiled it all off with an understanding "Well, you can't scab on the union, can you?" The other half of the community followed suit, or at least the major portion of it did. No one wanted to be seen in front of the butcher's stall; that branded one a scab.

Now the fight has to be carried into the political arena. The big business politican now has been caught with the goods, for the congressmen and legislators who voted to kill OPA and increase rents put monopoly's hand into the pockets of the workers and that made them fighting mad. The UAW leadership, in the person of Reuther, has shown an aptitude for good slogans in the present crisis. But what action there has been was due to organizational momentum generated by the elementary concern with "pork chops." The political struggle is more complicated. It involves breaking new ground, going to the countryside. Every Michigan reactionary bases himself on the rural areas and will have to be defeated there. The farmers have been altogether absent from the fight for price control.

One other question poses itself: how long can we expect an organization like the UAW to retain its authority and strength based merely on the accumulated momentum of the past ten years? The progressives have an answer to that one. They feel that the present price control struggle led by their union is the beginning of a new period during which the union will recapture its character as a *movement*, a movement so involved in fighting the evils of monopoly in all spheres that the internal frictions which have plagued it recently will be eliminated.

Whatever the outcome within the union the common man of Detroit has come to respect the strength of the auto workers' union and to see in it a measure of security for himself.



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# ALFRED STIEGLITZ: 1864-1946

***A tribute to the man who made America aware of the artist as the soul's engineer, and whose own work embodied his country's life.***

**By PAUL STRAND**

THE passing of Alfred Stieglitz will be mourned not only by those who knew him and worked with him, but by all men everywhere who believe that "the artist is the engineer of the soul." He, himself, would not have put it in these words but they describe the very foundation stone of his faith, for which he fought until he died.

To Stieglitz, a work of art truly contained life, was life-giving and capable of affecting people by giving them new and enriching experience. He wanted this richness in America and above all he wanted America to speak and hear through the voices of its own artists, creating and building our own cultural tradition.

Returning from an education in Germany in the early 1890's, the young Stieglitz found the America he had loved, boasted about and dreamed of, to be a cultural desert. In the realm of the arts, bigotry and self interest, discrimination against the new, the untried and experimental, went hand in hand with the comfortable notion that the more he starved the better would be the artist's work. Everything seemed to be for business and by business and those who did not tie in with buying and selling were considered of no great account. The days of Emerson, Thoreau and Whitman had passed. Ryder and Eakins lived in obscurity. The great bankers and industrialists were investing in Old Masters. The men of the Academy, most of whom are now on their way to oblivion, ruled a narrow little "art" world as arbiters of taste for the wealthy and had complete control of whatever American painting and sculpture went into museum collections.

Against this culturally reactionary and stifling world Stieglitz began to fight for creative air to breathe for himself and other Americans. It was natural that this struggle should begin in the field of photography, his own chosen medium. For the idea that a man might use the camera creatively as a new way of understanding reality, was denied by the solons of academic art with savage vehemence. Photography was not "art," was not done by human hands but by a machine, etc. To this theoretical rubbish, Stieglitz gave answer with work, his own and others. Under his leadership the Americans, Steichen, Kasebier and Clarence White, Coburn, Haveland, Frank Eugene and others exhibited their work never singly but as a solid group. As a solid group they did not challenge the question of whether photography was art or not, but rather affirmed their simple right to discover the world with a camera and the equal right of people to see the results. The unity of this group and the high level of their work broke down barriers. In the course of time museums in America and Europe opened their doors. In turn, Stieglitz not only fought for American photographers but introduced here the work of European photographers at the little

Museum of Modern Art.

**"Venetian Gamin," by Stieglitz; Venice, 1887.**



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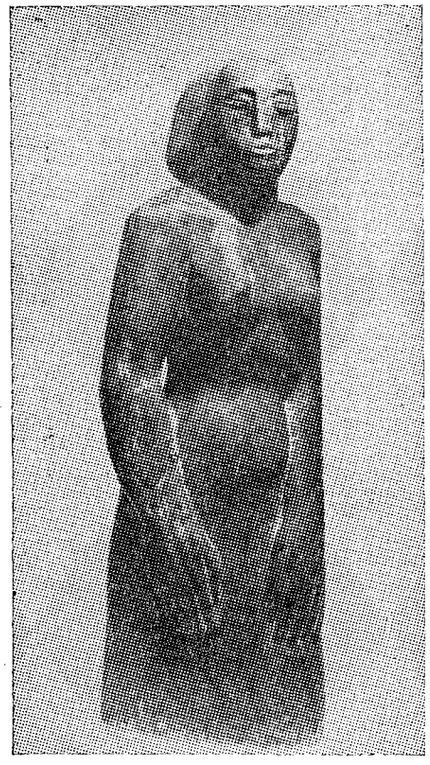


Alonzo Hauser. (Walker Art Center, Minneapolis.)

gallery of the Photo Session, later to become famous as "291."

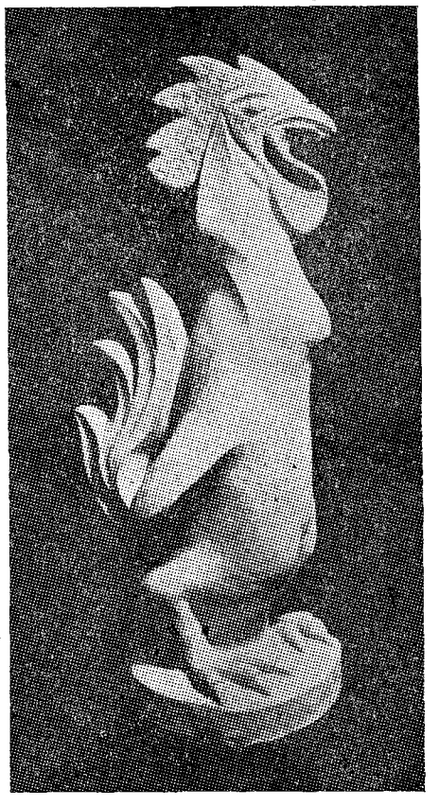
It was here about 1907 that I, as a boy of seventeen, first saw photographs which made me want to become a photographer. And when nine years later Stieglitz gave me my first one man show at "291" I knew that I had found my own way as a photographer. To him and to the years of close association I owe much of the learning which went into the development of my work. For he was not only a leader but a real teacher.

Between the years 1904 and 1917 Stieglitz published and edited *Camera Work*, one of the most beautiful magazines ever produced, in which not only the development of photography up to that time was recorded, but also the beginnings of what is now known as modern art.

For it was also natural that the water colors of Cezanne, the paintings of Picasso, Braque and Matisse, the Rodin drawings and the sculpture of Brancusi should find their way to Stieglitz. Here again was something new in the domain of the arts, experimental research in color, line and form which was also being met with contempt, ridicule and fear. So again the fight was for fair play, for tolerance and understanding, for the right of the artist to discover new paths. Stieglitz began to show these new experiments as early as 1908. In those days to hear him scathingly deal with the people who would have committed these now accepted artists to the nearest lunatic asylum, was something to remember. Among the thousands who came to "291" until it closed in 1917 were men and women of all the arts, American writers and composers, poets, photographers and painters—all eager to be part of America and all found a welcome there in the dynamic climate of freedom which Stieglitz generated. American art was to be enriched through the encouragement given at "291" to the young Americans, John Marin, Marsden Hartley, Max Weber, Abraham Walkowitz, Arthur Dove, Georgia O'Keefe and others.

AFTER the first World War recognition of the modern European painters finally came in America and as the supply of Old Masters was being exhausted, shrewd dealers quickly took advantage of this to build a new market but not for the American artist. French art was *per se* "better art." Against this commercialized chauvinism Stieglitz fought for many years, at the Intimate Gallery and finally at An American Place where he continued to show the developing work of Americans and undertook the task of getting enough money for them so that they could work with a certain measure of security. He denied rightly that he was a dealer, for all the money went to the artist until the latter years when part went for the rent of the gallery. For Stieglitz, art was no more a commodity than Einstein's theory of relativity. From his point of view the value of pictures could not be measured in dollars; but only the need of the artist to live a normal work life, free for his kind of research, could be measured in money.

It was a tough task to awaken Americans to a recognition and support of their own creative artists but Stieglitz succeeded with the artists he exhibited. Some are now dead, others still living, but there is not one who was connected with Stieglitz at one time or another who today is not acknowledged as a contributor to a truly American art. Outstanding was his friendship of almost forty years with John Marin and the passionate championing of this great artist, as fine as any of our time anywhere in the world. And, finally, there is Stieglitz' own work as a photographer, carried on with everything else through the years,



Carl F. Heeschen. (Walker Art Center.)

a great monolithic expression of sensibility and control of the medium, a remarkable embodiment of the artist's experience of the world in which he lived. It is to be hoped that a memorial exhibition will soon be held in a museum where thousands may come.

The importance of Alfred Stieglitz and his work cannot be contained in a few words for as a valiant leader and as an artist he has left deep and indelible imprints upon our culture. It would be impertinent to try in these few words to more than indicate his tremendous contribution to America. This will surely be the subject for present and future historians to analyze and record. In the meantime, we American artists who have shared and inherited the fruits of all he fought for and won, must carry on the struggle with an intensity and integrity no less than his. We realize as perhaps he did not, that the freedom of the artist to create and to give the fruits of his work to people, is indissolubly bound up with with the fight for the political and economic freedom of society as a whole. We know that our culture can only flourish in a complete democracy in which reaction and fascism have been forever smashed.

In this America which will surely be won, Alfred Stieglitz will be revered as one of the great engineers who helped to build its soul.



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# TOWARD NOVEMBER

## An Editorial by A. B. MAGIL

RECENTLY, while on a brief lecture trip in Ohio, I encountered a problem in connection with this year's election that in one form or another exists throughout the country. In Ohio the voters are as close to being faced with the choice between a Republican Tweedledum and a Democratic Tweedledee for both United States senator and governor as they are likely to be anywhere. The Republican senatorial candidate is that Harding-esque oratorical windjammer and rugged reactionary, John Bricker, who in 1944 got the consolation prize of the GOP vice-presidential nomination when the big business lightning struck Tom Dewey. Bricker's sponsor and mentor is Senator Robert Taft, who runs the Republican state machine. Taft, like Bricker, is ogling the White House, but for the present they are singing in close harmony.

The Democratic candidate is Senator James W. Huffman, whose votes in favor of the Case and Truman anti-labor bills have made him persona non grata with labor and all progressives.

The situation in the gubernatorial contest is similar. Tom Herbert, an obscure Republican hack, is opposing Democratic Governor Frank J. Lausche. NEW MASSES readers may recall Joseph North's interview with Lausche a couple of years ago when he was mayor of Cleveland. In those days Lausche was an ardent supporter of President Roosevelt, cooperated closely with both the CIO and the AFL, and seemed like one of the coming progressive leaders of the country. But Lausche's liberalism was only a suntan that quickly faded under the darkened skies of the postwar period: his policies have alienated both major wings of the labor movement; he has angered the veterans by opposing a state soldiers' bonus; and he has curried favor with Ohio's industrial and clerical mahouts by his public tirades against the "Red menace."

What to do in this situation? Ideally, organized labor should join hands with other progressive groups in sponsoring independent candidates for US senator and governor. But the fact is that not even in the CIO are the bulk of the leadership and membership ready for such a step. This reluctance to break with the two-party system is in part a consequence of one of the positive phenomena of our time: the emergence of the Roosevelt-labor coalition in the struggle against domestic and foreign reaction. While in this coalition labor and especially the CIO sought to operate as an independent non-partisan force, necessarily ties were established with the Democratic Party organization, particularly in the communities. Millions of organized workers became registered Democrats, and labor leaders in some cases became prominent in the councils of local and state Democratic organizations.

The Truman administration shattered the coalition that had been fused around the program and personality of FDR. But as in all living processes, elements of the past survive in the present. Today these survivals are reflected in the hesitancy to develop independent political activity in a new form—outside the two-party system—even where, as in Ohio, the character of both the Republican and Democratic candidates makes it impossible to pursue it in the old form. This is what Eugene Dennis, the new general secretary of the Communist Party, had in mind when he told the recent meeting of the party's National Committee: "By and large, in most primary contests, labor and its allies dragged at the tail of electoral events and in most cases followed after the state and county organizations of the Democratic Party. They failed to develop in time their independent role, position and activities, so as to influence developments and forge a broad electoral coalition."

AT THE same I discovered that even in Ohio the Tweedledum-Tweedledee tag is an oversimplification. Talking to Arnold Johnson, the canny, blue-eyed chairman of the Communist Party (who, incidentally, is a phenomenal vote-getter: 56,330 votes when he ran for the Cleveland school board last year), it became clear that the defeat of Bricker is a cardinal objective for all progressives. What is true of the country as a whole is true of Ohio: the chief big business forces are concentrated around the GOP. And the national role and ambitions of the Taft-Bricker crowd make their defeat all the more urgent even though it isn't possible to give their Democratic opponents even qualified support.

Where, then, does independent political action come in, with its eventual goal a new anti-monopoly party? The movement toward true political independence doesn't proceed in a straight line nor can it be concocted by book recipes. It develops through contradictions and in what at times seem like roundabout ways. In part this movement expresses itself through independent coalition candidates wherever this is practicable; in part through the strengthening of the progressive forces in the two major parties, especially the Democratic Party; in part through the running of Communist candidates where this will lead to the clarification of issues without resulting in the election of reactionaries; in part through a combination of these forms. Besides overcoming the tendency to lag behind possibilities, we have to avoid forcing developments prematurely. Dennis also criticized "the sectarian and one-sided position which sections of the progressive labor movement, including certain [Communist] Party forces, developed toward all Democrats, including progressives like Kenney and Patterson of California, and towards other more conservative, middle-of-the-road or wavering pro-labor Democrats."

The results of the primaries so far are mixed. Certainly any Congress that is deprived of the toxic presence of Wheeler and Shipstead will find its political and moral health improved. Yet the foulness of Bilbo and Rankin—and all too many others—remains. And it doesn't seem likely that a decisive change in the character of either house will take place, though the re-election of progressives and the defeat of a score or two of reactionaries is an entirely feasible prospect provided the people work for it. In the South new winds have been blowing, with an unprecedented Negro registration despite the poll-tax and terrorism.

Who can look at America today, an America in which in the peak "prosperity" year of 1945 one-half its families had incomes of less than $2,000 or $38.50 a week, an America

(*Continued on page 21*)



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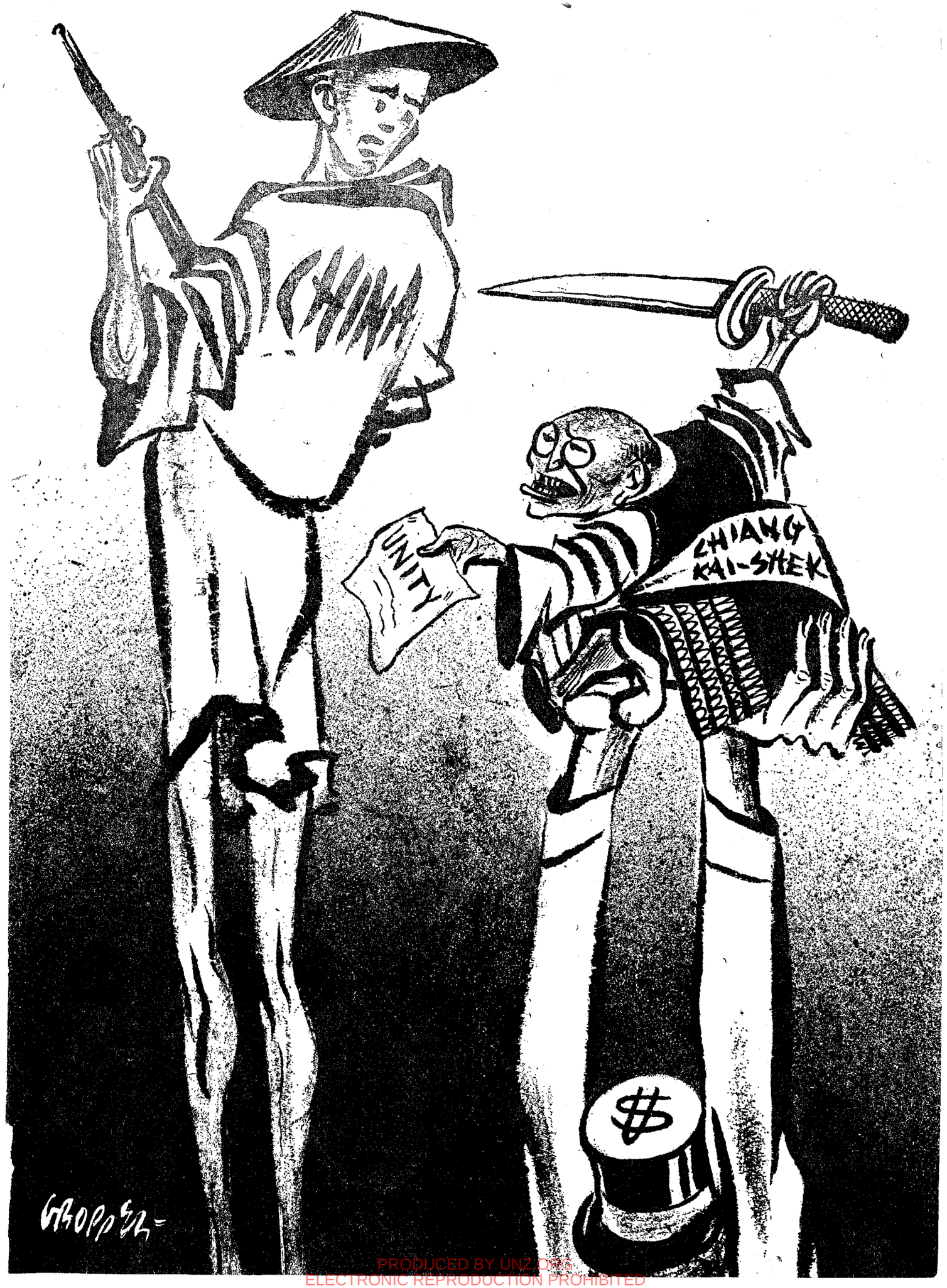


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# KENTUCKY HOME

***The mailman couldn't get next to the Martin kids: "one's stupid, the other's a young Dillinger."***

## *A Short Story by HAROLD S. PETERSON*

Charles Keller.

SOMETIMES nowadays when I look over to the old Emory place, I can see Ben Martin shingling his roof. People are beginning to speak of the Emory place as the Martin place.

Nobody lived in the Emory shack for years. Grown-up brush having hidden it from the public view, it hardly existed anymore in the community mind. It was notorious once though. Emory was a moonshiner. But he liked his product too well, died from the stuff, and nobody knew about it until some hunters ran into his corpse accidentally.

For a long time people in town including myself thought the Martins were a queer lot, never seeing the older ones at all hardly, and seeing what corkers the two boys were. And even I, the mailman, didn't see the boys the first summer. The Martins get their mail by taking old Emory's trail, now grown up in blackberry bushes, to the mailbox.

Then one day the Martin boys popped out of the trail, stopping suddenly when they saw me. They stood fixed, half in the brush yet, barefoot kids brown as bark, dangling lunch pails.

"Hello, boys," I said cheery.

They didn't answer, just stood there. One was bashful, looking at his toes all the time, and the other one a little older glared straight at me with his face puckered up like a cross old man's.

"Off to school, boys?"

They wouldn't say a word. One counted grass, the other just stared.

"Cat got your tongue?"

They scooted off, more ornery than anything else.

Crazy, I thought. School'll never do them any good. They're scurvy—one's stupid and the other's a young Dillinger.

But, naturally, I didn't really think that. Who ever really gives up children?

Every morning except Saturdays I saw them somewhere along their way to school. The shy one stayed scared of something and the cranky one stayed mad. I couldn't help but wonder at what was going on up at their house: kids are like horses, act odd when they're not treated right.

Once I had a flat tire on top of the hill. The boys walked up while I was fixing it and stopped to watch me. They stood off a piece, the shy one pretending not to look and playing his toes in the dirt, and the cross one standing stiff like a hound dog stalking a porcupine.

"How's school coming?" I said, but no sooner than I said that they jerked and scooted.

Poor creatures, I said to the tire. I watched their brown little legs beating it. . . .

One Saturday I stopped at the Martin mailbox, pulling up close so as not to have to get out of the car. I heard brush cracking and I looked around. I waited, figuring maybe a Martin wanted stamps or something. Nobody showed up though. Again I heard brush crack. Then I saw the face of the shy Martin kid in the brush. I blew my horn and the face disappeared.

What's the country coming to, I said.

WITH winter on, the Martin boys kept going to school pretty good; most times I'd see them as usual. Crosspatch would be wearing a cut-down mackinaw and his little brother would be wearing a man's rag-lined sweater at one time, and then the next time they'd be switched. . . .

I saw the boys onetime in town, on Main street. I was sitting in my car sorting mail, and I had to watch them. They marched like soldiers up one side of the street and then down another several times, exploring. They spent fifteen minutes outside the theater looking at the theater advertisements, gesturing and darting around.

"I'll bet a dollar," I said aloud to myself, "they'd walk home in the snow barefoot to get to see a movie." I was half a mind to go over and treat them to a show only I knew they'd run the minute they'd see me coming.

Once, only one was on the road, old Crosspatch. I stopped the car, thinking someone was sick.

"Your brother sick, sonny?" I called.

He glared as usual but I saw he was on the edge of crying. He kept on going, not answering.

"Hey, sonny," I cried, "need any help?"

He looked back and shook his head.

The next morning they were both on the road. . . .

Stopping one morning at Martin's, when Spring had come back, Martin himself was there, a wiry little man in muddy overalls. He wanted a money-order, sending to Montgomery-Ward's.

"Things getting along?" I asked.

"About the same as ever, only I promised the wife and boys something this Spring if I got a raise. The raise don't mean much far as money goes, but it gives the family a lift in spirits. I'm spending money I shouldn't but it's like we're on a spree celebrating."

The very next day the kids waved at me, the little one a bit feebly.

Then one Saturday I pulled up at the Martin mailbox, the kids were standing in the road tossing a ball. They run over to me in a rush.

"Hello boys," I said.



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"Hello mailman," said the cross one, puffing.

" 'Lo," said the little one.

The oldest one jumped up on my running board, peering in on my dashboard. The other stood in the grass smiling, wriggling his toes.

"How's school?" I asked, sorting mail.

They skipped around the car, not hearing.

"Is this a Chevvy?" the big one asked, fondling a headlight.

"Yep!"

The two of them got up on the running board, watching the mail, eyes on my hands. There was a good-sized package.

"You know what?" the big one said.

"No, what?" I looked into his dancing face.

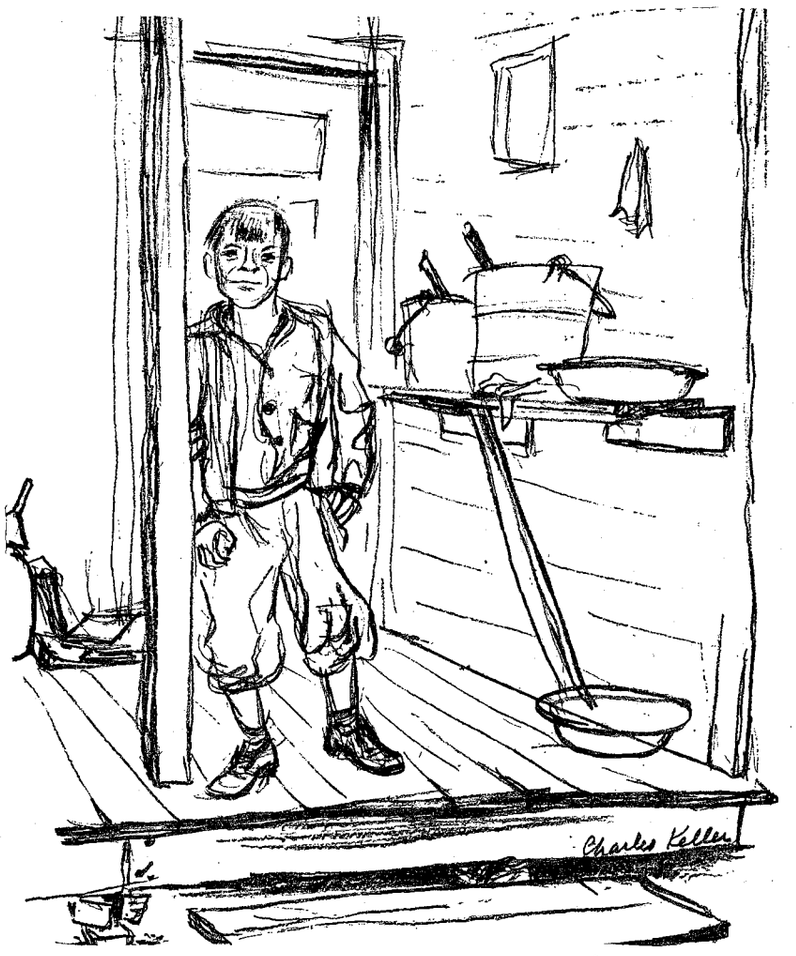
"Pa got a raise. He's a miner."

"Got a raise," cooed the little one.

"And he sent for a catcher's mitt!"

"Fine," I said. "Here's a good sized package. Looks like it come. . . ."

No sooner I handed them the mail, they tore away, leaping into the brush out of sight in a flash, the little one right on the heels of his brother. I heard brush breaking off like it was two bears running instead of two kids.




# WHAT ABOUT THE VETO?

***Whenever the Soviet delegate, Andrei Gromyko, exercises his veto right a shrill outcry goes up in the press. The facts behind the headlines.***

## By JOSEPH STAROBIN

THERE's a significant duality in the current American attitude toward the famous "veto power" —that special position which the United Nations Charter confers on the Big Five. The United States is on the horns of a dilemma which always confronts those who wish to eat their cake, and have it too. In the Marxist vocabulary, American policy is enmeshed in a contradiction—one of the many contradictions of the system in which we live.

No American Senate would have ratified the UN Charter unless it included the "right of veto" for the United States. That is, unless it recognized the position of the United States as a great power, without whose concurrence no fundamental decisions affecting peace and security could be made. Like any other great power, the United States expected the pre-eminent position and protection which the "right of veto" gives it.

On the other hand, the strongest assault on this same feature of the Charter has come from our side of the ocean. Whenever the Soviet representative, Andrei Gromyko, exercises his veto right, the outcry is most shrill in our press. Herbert Vere Evatt, Australia's foreign minister has become something of a hero in the newspaper columns because of his strong assault on the veto. In fact, the fight against the principle of unanimity colors many phases of American policy. Mr. Byrnes tried very hard at the Paris conference to get away from great-power leadership in formulating the agenda for the forthcoming peace parley. Mr. Baruch, in his plans for control of atomic energy, has placed great emphasis on the veto issue, and there is a real danger that under the guise of a plan to control the atom, we shall be offered a dual Security Council, which would definitely undermine the United Nations as a whole. It would be a Security Council for atomic armaments—minus the principle of unanimity.

Sen. Connally, in his report on the Paris meeting, injected a new line of



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attack on the Council which is also greatly favored by our new delegate, Sen. Warren Austin. This involves the International Court of Justice. It would be given—under Connally's idea—jurisdiction over any dispute involving the United States. Again we have an indirect way of short-circuiting the Security Council—all because of the veto.

The fact is that the United States, while proposing that the other powers abandon the veto in regard to atomic energy, is by its monopoly of the atomic bomb wielding a continuous and highly effective veto. And by projecting a world organization in which all powers would have to submit to a simple majority—on basic questions—there is revealed the fundamental objective of American policy in our time—domination of the world family of nations through the apparent but fictitious independence of each one of them.

But I find myself using the phrase "veto power" altogether too glibly. One difficulty in the entire controversy on this subject is the negative language in which a very positive principle has come to be garbed. The term "veto power" has negative connotations, which create prejudice in the average man's mind instead of understanding. "Veto" is a short, snappy word—ideal for the headlines; the phrase "principle of unanimity" would be more accurate, even though it is a mouthful.

Indeed, it would be worth speculating whether the whole subject might not have been more intelligible if our newspapermen had coined the phrase "okay power" for the unanimity principle. For the Security Council is actually built on the premise that the Big Five must "okay" the major issues before them; they must debate, wrangle, differ, and compromise until they are ready to say "okay" together. The subject will be more readily grasped if the matter is put affirmatively: not veto, but okay.

But why the need for an "okay power" in the UN Charter? Is not the customary voting procedure by majorities and minorities more democratic? Isn't the idea of unanimity somehow "totalitarian"? Misconceptions reflected in these questions are very widespread. The fact is that the relations of nations in today's world, especially among great powers of differing social systems, cannot be compared to the relations of individuals—although even among individuals under capitalism many basic decisions are rarely made by numerical majorities but by common consent, by agreement.

On basic issues affecting war and peace, great nations cannot be compelled to vote against what they consider to be their interests; they cooperate with each other only when they reach a *harmony* of their interests, arising out of, and transcending, their differences. The provision of the Charter which requires concurrence of the great powers is a legal recognition of the limited character of the United Nations; at the same time it is a recognition that the UN will function only by harmony of the Big Five.

But why the Big Five? Why not grant the veto right to every nation. Indeed, the old League of Nations was based on a veto right for each member; each nation was left to decide for itself whether it would abide by decisions of the League's executive. This resulted in the sabotage of the League, when it finally took measures such as sanctions during the Italian-Ethiopian war.

It was recognized at Dumbarton Oaks and at San Francisco that the new world organization must be much more effective, and the veto right was therefore conferred on the great powers. These were the powers which might have prevented the rise of fascism had they been united; these are the powers which bore the brunt of the war, and without their cooperation, the smaller nations could not have been liberated. These nations comprise the major centers of industrial power; they also comprise the two main social systems in the world today. The veto right does not imply a special virtue in these powers, and does not derogate the role or the sovereignty of the smaller nations. The veto right simply implies that these nations alone can make world wars, and they alone can win world wars. By their cooperation,

## This Week's Rankest

**"Just give me six more years and I'll Jim Crow everybody!"**



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world peace is assured; in their disunity, world peace is certain to be shattered.

The Charter therefore confers on nations with such a pre-eminent position—a pre-eminent responsibility, the responsibility of continuous search for agreement, and agreement itself. The legal expression of this compulsion to agreement is that no matters of substance—as distinct from procedure—can be passed upon by the Security Council unless the Big Five concur. To put it negatively, each of them has the right to prevent overriding action by the others, the familiar "veto power."

If this seems strange and intolerably undemocratic to us Americans, we might recall that even among individuals in our country this same principle of unanimity operates in many spheres of life. Analogies are limited when individuals are compared with nations, yet consider the revealing example of one of our hallowed institutions—the family. The family relation, of course, revolves around two equal partners (or should) and does not quite parallel relations of groups of nations. Yet it is true that major decisions in a successful family are not made except by common consent. Repeated efforts to override the objections of any one member of the family leads to deadlock—and divorce.

In many business organizations, this same principle of common consent may govern a board of directors or a group of partners; the entire concept of teamwork, which no one would consider "totalitarian," has at its basis the idea that mutual consent is a stronger motive force for action than majority rule.

What would have happened, it might be asked, if no such provision for the common consent of the great powers had been written into the Charter? Discussion in our press gives the impression that the UN would function better; indeed, many well-meaning folk who support the ideas of "world government" feel that the unanimity principle emasculates the United Nations. But look at the matter another way: if the Charter had specified (and therefore encouraged) the disagreement of the great powers, it would have compelled all the smaller nations to join in one or another competing blocs. Absence of the veto would have riven asunder the organization from the very start.

If the smaller nations knew in advance that the great powers were bound to disagree, and were striving to outvote each other, they would be forced to join antagonistic sides. Effective action would be stymied; no problems could be resolved except the kind that would dismember the organization. Nothing would be contributed to world peace. The most far-sighted and respected representatives of the smaller nations have understood this fact, even though others, like Australia's Mr. Evatt are in the forefront of the fight against the unanimity principle. I am thinking of Dr. Benes, president of Czechoslovakia and the Security Council's secretary-general, Trygve Lie, a distinguished diplomat of Norway. He never tires of emphasizing that the small nations wish nothing more than the harmony of the great powers.

Trygve Lie put it well in his address upon the first anniversary of the UN when he declared that the small nations had willingly granted the unanimity principle (or veto power) to the large states, and expected in return that "the big powers should seek and find agreement among themselves."

"Agreement among the powers is not only desirable but absolutely and utterly necessary," he stated, calling it the "foundation upon which our Charter was built." The "veto power" is the negative symbol of this compulsion to agreement.

IN REVIEWING the experience of the past year the question arises of how the principle of unanimity has worked out and whether, as Walter Lippmann insists, the Soviet use of its veto power has been "reckless."

The thing that stands out is the close connection between the workings of the Security Council and the ebb and flow of great power relations as a whole. The Council does not operate in a vacuum; whether we like it or not, the Council is subject to all the pressures of world politics in general. In a year which has shown serious deterioration of American-Soviet unity, and deep cleavages between the social systems, the Council inevitably has been affected.

The American press has been critical of the veto power because it is an obstacle to the misuse of the Council as a diplomatic forum against the Soviet Union. On the other hand, the Soviet Union has stuck to a most literal interpretation of the veto principle because it wished to make great power agreement within the UN a rule and not an exception. In this way Soviet diplomacy has hoped to save what can be saved of great power unity in all other phases of world policy. We Americans like to believe that we respect those who uphold their pledged word and honor their promises; yet our diplomats have sought to chisel down the unanimity principle because it stood in the way of their program of isolating and discrediting the Soviet Union. To bend the Soviet Union to American imperialist will—in connection with the world-wide struggle for American domination—our diplomats have not hesitated to abandon our own word to uphold the Charter which we ourselves had a decisive part in writing.

The Russians on the other hand, are peculiar folk in that they believe in honoring agreements. They signed the Charter. It contains the unanimity principle. Therefore the Russians seek to uphold it and protect it. And by fighting for the unanimity principle in the Council they are also dramatizing their general fight for the war-time program of agreed decisions and leadership of the great powers.

A cynic might argue that the Soviet Union has a narrow interest in the unanimity principle since it would easily be outvoted if the principle were abandoned. Surely the veto represents a certain protection to the USSR; and for the United States (which has or can get the votes under the present relationship of forces) the veto is more readily dispensed with.

But the matter runs deeper. The major post-war question of eradicating fascism and reaction in the former Axis countries remains unsolved. The great danger is that the imperialist powers are merging their interests with the forces of reaction everywhere, and thus a new menace of fascism arises. To the Soviet Union, the fight for great power unity is part of the fight for the eradication of Hitlerism and the frustration of new forms of Hitlerism among its erstwhile allies. The fight for a thorough and genuine peace is therefore the basic motive in the attempt to maintain the unanimity principle. That is why the Soviet defense of the veto is not a narrow Soviet concern. All of us ought to be concerned with it if we are all in favor of a prolonged and effective peace.

IT IS against this background that we can understand the Soviet action in vetoing the recent Security Council resolution on Franco Spain. I have watched Andrei Gromyko as he dealt with the Spanish problem in the Secu-



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rity Council. At times it was clear that he was being outmaneuvered by his opponents and fell back on the veto power as a last resort. But the more you think about it the more it becomes clear that the Soviet Union was compelled to rely on the veto because its allies were attempting a shameful piece of humbug on the Spanish question.

It will be remembered that Poland introduced a proposal that all the United Nations be instructed to break relations with Spanish fascism because it was a menace to world peace. This resolution was sent to a sub-committee; it found that Franco's threat to peace was not actual but only potential. And instead of the sub-committee ordering an immediate break, Franco was given a Sept. 3 deadline by which to get out of power. If this deadline passed, the issue was to go before the General Assembly.

There were many fundamental things wrong with this sub-committee report, as any friend of Spanish democracy can see. To begin with, even if the threat of Spanish fascism were only potential it would still be the obligation of the Council to do something about it. That's the Council's job, under the Charter. Secondly, it would be a very bad precedent to yield jurisdiction on such a dispute to the General Assembly; for it is the job of the Council, and not the Assembly, to deal with immediate or potential threats to the peace. The whole idea of a deadline for Franco's removal smacked of behind-the-scenes negotiations in Madrid which Alvarez del Vayo recently exposed in *The Nation*. It is as though the United States and Great Britain were using the Council's threat as a form of pressure to compel Franco's supporters to come to terms.

This watered-down proposal was still further diluted when the deadline was removed, and the Assembly was granted the right to take up the matter whenever it saw fit. The Council was thus faced with a most serious challenge: would it abdicate its own functions in favor of the Assembly? Would it (like the old League of Nations) give a hypocritical and meaningless slap on the wrist to Franco? Would the world be given the impression that something was being done when such was not the case?

It was on these grounds that Gromyko vetoed the twice-diluted resolution. He did not wish the Council to set a dangerous precedent, limiting its own future usefulness toward potential threats against the peace. Neither did he wish to be party to a hypocrisy. And his triple veto—as he subsequently explained—was in his judgment a single veto since he was dealing with a single question. Gromyko has been attacked as using the veto lightly. But if the foregoing analysis is correct, he was in fact attempting to keep the United Nations from deceiving the world and succumbing to the fate of the old League. To remind the world that the Council must not become the playground for diplomatic tag with fascist dictators, Gromyko was compelled to use the desperate, but only remaining weapon—the veto right. Just as the only way Gromyko found to cool off the imperialist powers on the preposterously inflated issue of Iran was to absent himself from the Council entirely.

There is a danger, it cannot be denied, that the Council will continue to be a forum for great power struggles—on the atomic energy problem for example. The time has come to check this danger. The Council was intended to be the arena of great power harmony; if it becomes a forum of struggle, the Russians can hardly be blamed for using the veto question in that struggle. So long as American and British progressives leave the defense of the Charter to the Soviet Union alone, we must not be surprised if it fights as hard as it can with the weapons which the Charter itself provides.



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# "YES, JOHN"

**"Insolent natives" . . . "what about Mr. Joe Louis and the Atlantic Charter?" . . . "Choose your weapons, sir!"—a letter to a S. African paper started it all.**

*A South African reader, Miss Hilda Watts, sent us the following story which is composed entirely of letters and news reports taken from Johannesburg's big daily newspaper,* Rand Daily Mail. *A story? Yes, it is that and more. It is a microcosmic view of the social and economic questions of South Africa. Though Americans know little of that faraway land—off the beaten track of world journalism—they will recognize in this report the same corrupting influence of capitalism in fostering racist chauvinism which exists in our country.*

*Tuesday, May 14, 1946*

TO THE Editor, *Rand Daily Mail:* Whenever I enter a certain furniture firm of which I am a customer, I am addressed "Yes, John" by the European girl cashier there. My answer, in spite of my inward irritation at being addressed "Yes, John," is that I have come to pay my monthly installment. There and then the girl puts another question to me: "What is your name?" And I have to say what it is. It certainly is an irreconcilable paradox for anyone to be named John and be asked almost simultaneously what his name is.

This habitual wounding of a black man's respect occurs in almost all walks of business life where a white person meets a black one. I would like, therefore, to be made to undersand by those in the know whether the name "John" is a proper or common noun. What would be the feelings of John Milton or John Bunyan, people who have contributed so much to English literature, if they were to rise from their graves and find that their honorable name was being used indiscriminately by the white people of South Africa to vindicate the arrogated supremacy of the white skin over the black one?

Other well misused words are native "boy" and "girl" and on these I propose to comment later.—A. BOGATSU.

*Thursday, May 16, 1946.*

TO THE Editor, *Rand Daily Mail:* Referring to A. Bogatsu's objection to the remark, "Yes, John," it would be constructively helpful if he would suggest just how "black" people wish to be addressed when entering shops, or when meeting people privately.—C. O. M.

*Friday, May 17, 1946.*

TO THE Editor, *Rand Daily Mail:* With reference to the insolent and impertinent letter signed by a native, A. Bogatsu, I am really sorry that I have not the pleasure of his acquaintance so that I could address him as he should be addressed. He has the audacity to refer to the "European girl cashier" instead of the "lady cashier," who, in asking what his name was, merely desired to know his native name.

It really makes one's blood boil to see such letters appearing. I wonder if natives are not getting out of hand. Perhaps Bogatsu would suggest that all members of his race should be addressed as "Sir" or "Madam."

I may state that I have had dealings with thousands of natives and never used any other form of address than that which is the common practice. The whole tone of this native's letter is disrespectful in the extreme, and I certainly hope that you will not allow further space in your valuable columns for letters of this nature.—E. J. ROBERTS.

TO THE Editor, *Rand Daily Mail:* C. O. M. wants A. Bogatsu to suggest just how black people should be addressed when entering shops and other public places. Why have the Europeans never bothered to make the natives feel at home among them? The natives are essentially a very decent lot, and almost without exception address Europeans as "Baas," "Mrs." or "Miss." On the other hand they are addressed as "Jim," "John," "Boy," and even "Kafir." Many natives who enter shops are school teachers, clerks and ministers of religion, or business men. There are also a few doctors and lawyers, a doctor of philosophy and a doctor of literature who live in Johannesburg. Must these people simply be addressed as "Yes, John?"

I venture to suggest a method of address that will certainly delight all black people, no matter what establishment they enter. Namely, "Yes, Muntu." "Muntu" means black person. Therefore no Muntu will object to being so addressed, no matter to what class he belongs. Those Europeans who know a little Zulu could say "Yes, Ndoda" to men and "Yes, Mfazi" to women. These are quite decent expressions, and I am sure they will go a long way towards improving relations between black and white.—MUNTU.

*Rand Daily Mail, Monday, May 20, 1946.*

BLOOD BOILS IN "YES, JOHN" ARGUMENT

THE controversy in the "Readers' Points of View" columns of the *Rand Daily Mail* over the manner in which natives should be addressed flared up during the week-end as a result of a letter from Mr. E. J. Roberts which was published on Friday. . . . Of the fifty letters received during the week-end, by far the majority oppose Mr. Roberts' point of view, and disclose sympathetic understanding of the native's attitude. . . . We give the following extracts from a number of them:

V. M. DARBY: How tragic that we still have people in South Africa who are unable to move with the times. The letter signed by "A. Bogatsu" was obviously written by a native who had been well educated and had probably

Helen West Heller.



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worked hard against unequal odds to develop his brains and intelligence. Surely he is entitled to question the humiliation of being addressed as just another "John."

UITLANDER: There can be no insult whatsoever in addressing an unknown person as "John." No Scotsman will feel insulted when addressed as "Jock" or "Mac." I wonder if a Bantu wearing an old kilt given to him by his master would feel insulted if he were addressed as "Jock." May I suggest that the familiar "man" be used on all occasions?

F. A. PHILLIPS: Does Mr. Roberts recognize Mr. Joe Louis as the world's heavyweight champion? Does he switch off his radio when records are played of the voices of Miss Marion Anderson or Mr. Paul Robeson? Furthermore, does he refuse to make use of the wonderful discoveries of Professor Carver? Those of us who subscribe to the Atlantic Charter must agree that Mr. Bogatsu is entitled to a certain amount of inexpensive civility.

E. NANCEKIVELL: It may interest A. Bogatsu to know that in Egypt all white troops were addressed as "George," in Italy as "Joe," in Algeria, "Johnny," while all officers, irrespective of their ranks, were known and addressed by all and sundry as "Captain!" The American Negro invariably said "Hi, there, white man!" and I feel sure no objection was ever raised to any of these titles, in fact they were most acceptable.

J. POTGIETER: I am so disgusted with Mr. Roberts's attitude that I am willing to fight him at any time. He may choose his weapons.

*Thursday, May 23, 1946.*

TO THE Editor, *Rand Daily Mail:* I agree very heartily with Mr. E. J. Roberts in what he says about letters from insolent natives. Their impertinence is becoming more marked by the day. They apparently assume that if they hold certain degrees it places them on an equal footing with Europeans. It is about time that they found out that it does not. They may think that if they dress elegantly in the latest style, and are able to talk the language of the European, they are equal in all respects to him.

I recall very distinctly an incident that took place on the steps leading down the subway of Boksburg East Station. An elderly woman, carrying a number of parcels, was about to ascend the steps, but her way was barred by one of these educated "civilized" natives, smoking a cigarette at his ease, unconcernedly blowing smoke into the air.

"Excuse me, boy," said the woman, as she attempted to pass. This native was obviously one of the kind who does not like to be addressed as "boy," and he made not the slightest attempt to move his black person. I could control myself no longer, and advanced angrily towards the insolent fellow. Instead of resorting to fine words, I bumped him down the steps. He turned with a look of anger, but when he saw that his opponent was a European man and not a woman, he walked hurriedly from the subway.

The more educated these natives are, the more impudent they become. However, if a native is respectful, treat him decently: but a good few beatings with the cat-o'-nine-tails will surely curb the criminal tendencies of the many natives who are inclined to the way of the evildoer, and the impertinence of many of them will doubtless also be lessened at the prospect.—B. BASSOUE.

*Rand Daily Mail, Johannesburg. Saturday, May 25, 1946.*

WORLD WATCHING HOW S. A. TACKLES NATIVE PROBLEM, SAYS MUSHET.

A. C. A. Gallery.

**"Masks," an oil by Robert Gwathmey.**



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THE world was watching how South Africa solved its problems, notably the problem of color, said the Minister of Posts and Telegraphs, Mr. J. W. Mushet, in opening the first Transvaal Congress of the Union Youth Front of the United Party in the Darragh Hall, Johannesburg.

In his judgment, however, South Africans were the only people who should be charged with the solution of those problems. South Africa was big enough, to solve them without any outside assistance. It was unfortunate that the world had got the impression that South Africans, in dealing with native peoples, were "hard, unkind and unfair." That was true of neither of the great races, English-speaking or Afrikaans-speaking. History, right back to the time of Van Riebeeck, proved the contrary.

"I think the world should give us this credit," said the Minister, "that since we have been dealing with this problem for 300 years, we should know something about it. I go so far as to say that we know more about it than any white people in the world."

It was regrettable that the world should be guided by the "lamentable ignorance" of people who came out to this country on tours lasting from three to six weeks, and then went home to write "ignoble criticisms."

"South Africa is going to solve this problem in its own way," said Mr. Mushet, "We are confident that we can solve it—I do not say in a day, or a year, or a generation—and we look to the young people of today to play their part in its solution, to profit by the errors of the past, and to take charge of the problem, not let the problem take charge of them."

General Hertzog had had the great idea of putting the native people back on their own land and reserving great portions of the country for them. That solution had never had a chance. The war had intervened. But it had been the outcome of years of study by the best brains in South Africa, and it could not be lightly dismissed. "Are we going to give this solution a chance, or are we simply going to try something new?" asked Mr. Mushet.

A prominent member of the mining industry had recently said that, when the Free State goldfields were opened, the natives would be able to live in their natural conditions, and his remarks had found much support among Europeans.* Such a position, however, could only mean the creation of another large urban native population.

"I ask you young people to see that the solution of this problem is not left to the mines or any other industry," said Mr. Mushet. "Its solution must be a statesmanlike solution, because the solution of this problem is vital to our white civilization in this country."

Had there been no native population in South Africa when gold was discovered on the Rand, the mines would have been carrying on just the same. . . . The Minister also dealt with the problems of soil erosion and class hatred. "All this talk of class in South Africa must stop. The Labor had failed because it represented a class, whereas there was no room for classes in South Africa, the most democratic country in the world."

As a motto for the Youth Movement, he advocated: "*Die Nasie, die Volk, die toekoms.*" (The nation, the people, the future.)

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* This is a reference to a statement by Sir Ernest Oppenheimer that at a later stage in the development of the new Free State Mines, permanent native villages should be set up for the workers instead of the usual compound system of migratory labor. His statement has resulted in a government commission on the whole question of migratory labor, the compound system, etc.

# PROTECTING THE SOVIET WORKER

***Socialism's generous budget for the care and welfare of its labor force. How the unions cooperate in administering social insurance.***

## By BEATRICE KING

THE question is often put, "Are strikes permitted in the Soviet Union?" the underlying assumption being that major conflicts must arise between employer and employes, which ultimately can only be resolved by strikes.

Such an assumption, however, is based on premises which no longer obtain in the Soviet Union. There is no employer class separate and distinct from employes pursuing objects in conflict with the interest of employes. The employer in the Soviet Union is a state, municipal or cooperative unit representative of the employes, and the objects pursued are in the common interests of employee and employer. Whatever benefits one benefits another, and whatever is inimical to the interests of one is inimical to the interests of the other.

This common interest demands that the greatest care be expended on the welfare of the workers, beginning with the conditions of work and reaching to an inclusive insurance and measures for cultural as well as material welfare.

During the war, as an emergency measure, all able-bodied men and women in urban areas were directed to work in factories and enterprises, as near their home as possible. At the height of the harvest, urban labor was enlisted to help on collective and state farms.

In normal times a man or woman is free to choose any occupation as well as the place of employment. Soviet labor legislation ensures a worker being employed on the job for which he or she was engaged. A repair mechanic on machine tools cannot be turned into a store-room hand, unless the person himself agrees. Should pressure be brought to bear to effect an involuntary change, the worker in question has facilities for complaint. As a general rule, transfer to a job other than the one for which the worker was engaged, when permitted, is limited to one month.

The Code of Labor Laws lays down conditions for dismissal, which are: reduction of staff, complete or partial closing down of an enterprise or busi-



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Stephen Ettinger.

ness, or the unsuitability of the worker for the job. Should the worker regard his dismissal as unjust, he has the right of appeal. Two weeks' notice or two weeks' full pay in lieu of notice must be given to anyone about to be dismissed. A worker leaving without notice, to suit his own convenience, is not entitled to this salary payment.

In accordance with labor regulations, the working day for all adult employes is eight, seven or six hours, depending on the nature of the work.

Under normal conditions the practice of overtime was not generally permitted. During the war, labor regulations as in other countries, were relaxed. A decree of the Supreme Soviet, dated June 26, 1941, gave directors of industrial enterprises, transport, agricultural and trading enterprises, the right, with permission of Sovnarkom,* to establish compulsory overtime ranging from one to three hours a day. This was very definitely a wartime measure.

The Labor Code lays down the conditions and enumerates the exceptional cases when overtime is permitted normally. The conditions are strict and the consequences of their infringement by the management may, in flagrant cases, be as serious as imprisonment. Before overtime is introduced, the trade union concerned must give its approval. The maximum length of overtime in a year is laid down as 120 hours, and no more than four hours' overtime may be worked on two consecutive days. The rate for overtime is one-and-a-half times the standard rate for the first two hours and twice the rate for anything above. Night work, which is from 10 P.M. to 6 A.M. is paid at twice the standard rate. The dinner recess allowed varies from thirty minutes to two hours. A six-day working week exists, with Sunday being the free day, and the tendency to finish work earlier than usual on Saturday was noticeable before the war.

A minimum annual vacation, with full pay, of twelve working days is the right of every worker. Additional paid vacation is granted to those engaged in work injurious to health, the extra period ranging from six to twenty-four working days. Directors of enterprises, or men and women holding executive administrative posts, shop (factory) managers, foremen, engineers, inspectors, librarians, editors of newspapers and publishing houses, etc., receive an additional two weeks to the statutory period. Members of the teaching profession receive two months' vacation. In addition to the annual vacation, there are national holidays such as November 7th, May 1st, etc.

During the war, annual vacations were stopped and were replaced by money payments. Exceptions were made for old age pensioners, juveniles or those suffering from tuberculosis who had taken up work in the national emergency. Vacations were reinstated on July 1, 1945.

ARTICLE 122 of the Soviet Constitution, which says, "Women in the USSR are accorded equal rights with men in all spheres of economic, state, cultural, social and political life," is now well known the world over. Not so well known, perhaps, is the special labor legislation by which these rights are ensured. A special section in the Labor Code, entitled, "Labor of Women and Juveniles" (under sixteen) lays down conditions of employment. Work that is too great a strain on a woman's physique or is injurious to her health is prohibited, as are night work and overtime for expectant and nursing mothers. A doctor has the right to order an expectant mother to be transferred to lighter work. In such cases, the original salary, based on an average for the last six months' work, must be paid. Similar payment is made for the feeding time (at least thirty minutes every three-and-a-half hours) allowed to nursing mothers. Strict watch is kept to see that motherhood does not bring hardship to the woman.

It is a criminal offense to refuse work to a woman on the ground of pregnancy. Dismissals of pregnant women or of unmarried mothers with a child under a year old may only take place in extraordinary cases and then with permission of the labor inspector.

Juveniles are as well protected as women. The Labor Code prohibits the employment of boys and girls under sixteen. Only in rare cases may a labor inspector permit such employment. A million or so boys and girls who leave school at fourteen years enter industrial and trade schools, where they remain until sixteen years, receiving their specialized training, and some general education, entirely free, in addition to boarding facilities and uniforms. Others who remain at school longer and intend to go into industry receive a six months' training course, organized at the enterprise. In cases where juvenile labor is permitted, the maximum working day is four hours. They are not permitted to work overtime. There are strict regulations as to the weights juveniles may lift and the lathes they may operate. The rate for juvenile labor is the same as that for adult labor. All juveniles, in whatever employment, are given regular

* The Council of People's Commissars, now Council of Ministers.



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medical examinations, and any measures recommended by the doctor must be carried out. They receive a month's annual vacation, which can be spent at any of the rest homes and sanatoria assigned for their use.

Great attention is paid in the Soviet Union to the improvement of hygiene in factory and office, and in new enterprises conditions bear comparison with the best in any country. To ensure the maximum possible of good conditions everywhere, the Labor Code lays down strict regulations which demand definite measures for the prevention of accidents, and the avoidance of any harmful effects on the workers' health.

In all specially injurious work, or in work which involves extremes of temperature, damp, or dirt, employes are provided with special clothes and footwear, such protective equipment as glasses, masks, respirators and a special allowance of soap. Labor inspectors, the factory hygiene committee, trade union representatives, they all have to see that workers make use of these provisions. Anti-toxic foods, such as milk, are provided for those engaged in work where there is a danger of occupational intoxication. Carbonated and salt water is supplied to those working in high temperatures. Workers in injurious occupations undergo regular medical examinations to ensure the timely prevention of any harmful effects of their occupation.

The management of an enterprise or an administrative body is held responsible for any infringement of the Labor Code. According to this code, violation of labor laws or safety regulations is punishable by a fine up to 10,000 rubles, corrective labor for a term up to twelve months, or imprisonment up to two years.

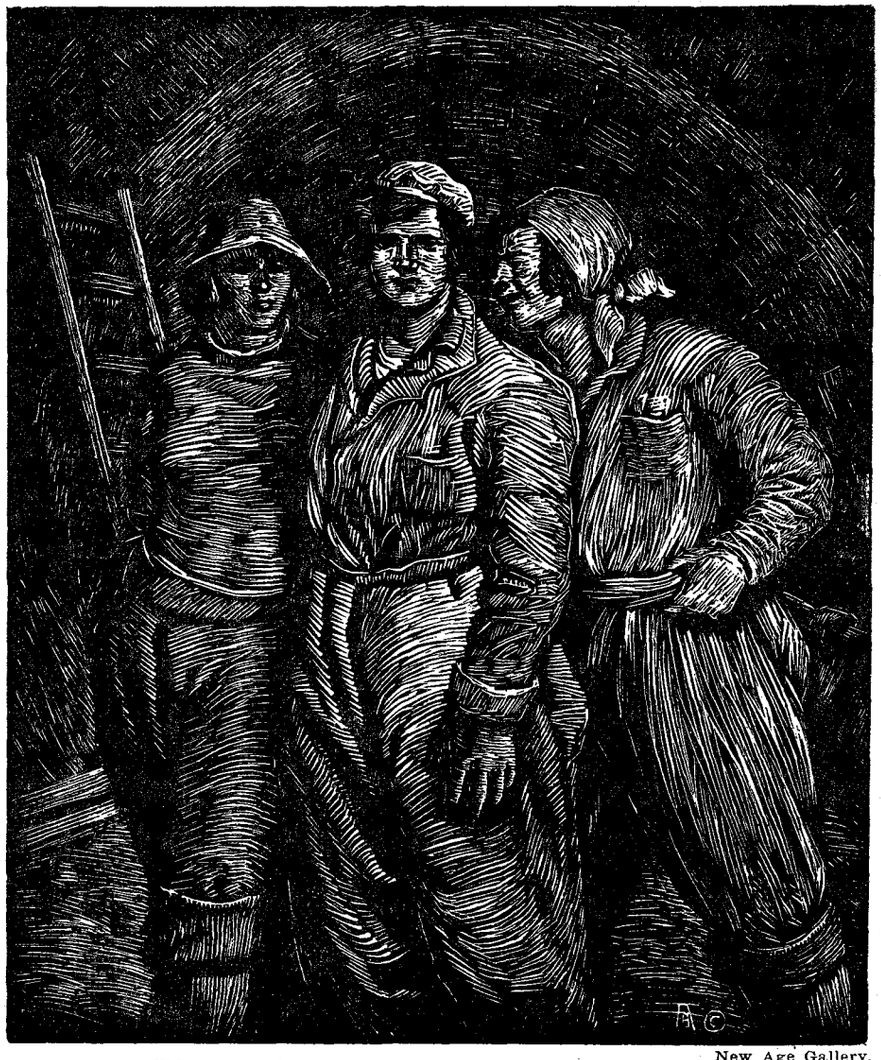
The Central Committees of the various trade unions have Departments of Labor Inspection functioning under their jurisdiction. Their duty is to supervise fulfillment of the conditions laid down by the Labor Code, as regards safety and hygiene. The Central Committees appoint their labor inspectors, who work under the Department of Labor Inspection.

A labor inspector has the right to visit a place of employment at any time, day or night, to demand any necessary documents or any information relating to labor protection. He has the right to direct the management to take any steps he considers necessary; he can prosecute in cases of violation of labor laws and regulations and impose fines up to 500 rubles on anyone violating these regulations. He has the right to halt work on any undertaking which involves a direct danger to the life or health of the persons employed.

The workers themselves are enlisted in this task of making labor conditions the best possible. There are voluntary Labor Protection Committees and social inspectors of labor. The latter are elected at general meetings of trade unions, while the former are appointed by trade union organizations, representative of every type of employment. The Labor Protection Committees participate in the elaboration of plans and measures regulating the safety of the workers. They supervise the management's enforcement of labor laws in every respect. These committees report to their respective trade unions. Social inspectors take any necessary and possible measures to eliminate infringement of labor laws, safety regulations and rules of hygiene. They report on their work to the general meetings which elect them.

Disputes at any enterprise between employes and management are dealt with by Rates and Complaints Commissions and by the People's Courts. Conflicts may arise over such questions as dismissal, transfer to other work, payment for overtime or late time, etc.

There are Rates and Complaints Commissions at all enterprises and offices, consisting of an equal number of representatives from the management and the trade union organizations, questions being decided by common agreement. Should agreement fail to be reached on any particular dispute, the matter is taken to the People's Court. In cases where a worker is dissatisfied with the decision arrived at by the Rates and Complaints Commission, he can appeal to the regional or central committee of the trade union concerned, which committee has the right either to confirm or annul



New Age Gallery.

**"Moscow Subway Workers," a woodcut by Abramovitz.**



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the decision. In the event of annulment, the dispute is returned for reconsideration to the Commission or the People's Court. By far the greater majority of disputes are settled by the Rates and Complaints Commission.

SO MUCH for the conditions of employment. But even under the best conditions, men and women are liable to accidents, sickness or other disability, which may incapacitate them for a time. Article 120, Chapter X of the Soviet Constitution, says: "Citizens of the USSR have the right to maintenance in old age and in cases of sickness or loss of working capacity. This right is ensured by the extensive development of social insurance of workers and employes at state expense, free medical services and the provision of a wide network of health resorts. . . ." In 1940, the social insurance budget of the Soviet Union amounted to over 8,623,600,000 rubles. It is a very worthwhile expenditure as, apart from other considerations, it leads to an improved labor efficiency and productivity. Workers (of every description) are eligible for temporary disability allowance in the following cases: (1) sickness or accident; (2) transference to other work arising out of sickness; (3) release from work to tend a sick member of the family; (4) quarantine; (5) suspension from work owing to any infectious disease; (6) rest or treatment at a sanatorium or health resort; (7) pre-and post-natal pregnancy leave. A worker is released from work on the recommendation of a doctor. Only a doctor of a state medical institution has the right to give a temporary disability certificate. This certificate is the only document which entitles a person to temporary disability grants.

In cases where sickness does not result in a loss of ability to work, the doctor will order treatment only. On the expiration of the period prescribed by the doctor, the worker is medically examined and, if necessary, will be given further incapacity leave. The doctor can send the sick worker to a hospital, direct him for special treatment, or if the return to full capacity appears doubtful, he can send him to the Medical and Labor Expert Commission for the purpose of establishing permanent incapacitation. This body prescribes the conditions under which invalids or those partially unfit may be employed. A by-law of the commission approved by Sovnarkom on Dec. 5, 1942, makes its findings and decisions binding on all enterprises and institutions.

In cases where a sick person can continue work on a lighter job without interfering with treatment or retarding recovery, the doctor will order transference without any financial loss. Temporary disability maintenance to tend a sick member of a family is allowed in cases where the want of such care would menace the health of the patient and provided there is no one else to look after the sick person. Where a working mother has a child under two who may fall ill, temporary maintenance is allowed, irrespective of the existence of other members of the family.

Employes are entitled to temporary disability maintenance from the first day of work, whether they are permanent, temporary or seasonal workers. The last-named must ordinarily have done three months' work in the year preceding the disability. Exceptions are people dismissed for infringement of labor discipline, for criminal offenses or those who leave work to suit themselves. In such cases it is necessary to work for six months at the new place of employment before assistance is given. Workers sentenced to correctional labor for deliberate absenteeism lose the right to maintenance for six months, following completion of the sentence.

Temporary disability allowance is payable from the day of receipt of the medical certificate and continues until the capacity for work has been restored or the Medical and Labor Experts Commission establishes permanent incapacitation. After two months, the management of an enterprise or organization has the right to dismiss the employe, who, however, continues to receive his disability allowance.

Invalids engaged on any work are also entitled to temporary disability allowances should they become incapacitated as a result of their work.

The rate for allowances depends on the length of the unbroken work record, and is as follows for trade union members: (a) Over six years' unbroken work record, 100 per cent; (b) From three to six years, eighty per cent; (c) From two to three years, sixty per cent; (d) Under two years, fifty per cent.

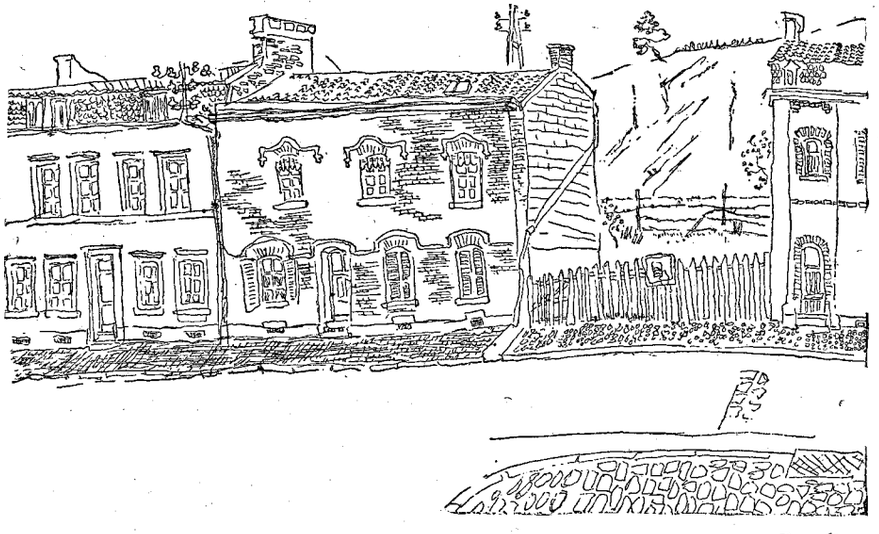
For those under eighteen years rates are eighty per cent for an unbroken work record of two years—this includes six months' factory apprenticeship—and sixty per cent for less than two years.

Fire Department personnel sustaining injuries in the course of their work receive 100 per cent disability maintenance irrespective of work period (Decree: Jan. 8, 1944). The rates for non-trade union members are sixty per cent less in every case.

A decree of Jan. 20, 1945, fixes temporary disability maintenance for war invalids at 100 per cent.

The higher rates paid for unbroken work record of what in some countries would be a comparatively short period, is a method of combating the age-old Russian habit, created by the shocking economic conditions under Czarism, of continually moving from place to place in search of work or a better job. There is considerable latitude given to the term, "unbroken work record."

Transference from one job to another which is due to direction, to appointment to a superior post, to elec-



Prensky.



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tion to an executive position, or to staff reduction, does not interfere with continuity of employment; neither does service with the Armed Forces. A course of study undertaken at the instance of an employing body is a permissible break, and many other exemptions show a very generous and human approach to the worker. Any worker wrongfully or dishonestly obtaining an allowance is guilty of an offense, is prosecuted and has to repay the allowance.

FULL wages are given during pregnancy to women who have distinguished themselves in the service of the country since 1917; to women with a total work record of not less than three years of which two are continuous, to women Stakhanovites with one year's work, and women under eighteen with one year's work. Full rates are also paid to women employed on underground work, irrespective of duration. Others, who are trade union members, receive seventy-five percent for the first twenty days and 100 percent of their salary for the remainder, provided there is an unbroken work record of two years with a total record of three years. For women under eighteen years, less than a year is demanded. The scale is reduced to sixty-six percent for the first twenty days for women employed continuously from one to two years, and for the whole period for those with an unbroken work record of less than a year. Non-trade union members receive fifty percent of their salaries for the first twenty days, and sixty-six percent for the remainder. Allowances are based on all salaries on which insurance is paid. Overtime pay, a second salary for combined employment at two or more places, except in the case of teachers, bonuses and other such extra payments are excluded when rates are calculated. Special shop commissions in factories and works fix and allot the maintenance allowance. Large enterprises set up social insurance shop commissions of three to nine members chosen from the shop committees and active trade union members. These commissions deal with all social insurance matters in their shop. In addition, they can arrange for extra assistance to sick workers. Combating sickness and accidents is also within their province.

Above these commissions are the Social Insurance Councils elected at general meetings from members of

shop commissions and insurance panel doctors, consisting of from five to thirty-five members. The chairman of the factory trade union committee is *ex-officio* chairman of this insurance council. These councils are responsible for all insurance questions at an enterprise or institution.

Both to prevent abuse and to render all possible assistance, the trade union group in a factory elects an insurance delegate who gives personal attention to the temporarily incapacitated worker.

Great attention is being paid to the welfare of the under-sixteens. The local factory trade union committees have been charged with the task, together with Departments of Health, of setting up factory polyclinics and medical aid departments for preventive medicine and treatment. These committees, too, must concern themselves with the conditions in factories.

The executive of the Central Committee of Trade Unions has charged the Social Insurance Councils with the task of aiding the Departments of Health in the pursuance of measures for the prevention of sickness, particularly influenza, malaria, digestive ailments and skin diseases.

The health of the worker, his complete fitness, is as much the care of the workers themselves, through their trade union organizations, as is their maintenance during sickness or incapacity. By making the workers themselves responsible, the government is likely to get the full benefit of its very generous expenditure, and the country a healthy people.

## Toward November

(*Continued from page 8*)

brandishing the atomic bomb and lunging toward war, and not recognize the need to tear this America from the grasp of the trusts that decree poverty and catastrophe for the millions? Socialism is our destiny—socialism that is the horn of plenty and the womb of peace—but today we must fight for every inch of our heritage and our future. The building of an independent political coalition for progress and democracy is crucial in that fight.



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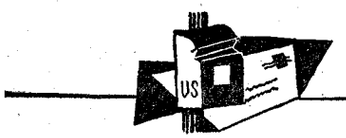


## For the Record

To New Masses: It is the characteristic of liberals to be inconsistent. Usually that inconsistency takes the form of pious words and impious action or inaction. This "normal" contradiction Marxist reviewers are quick to reveal. But confronted with an instance of a different kind of inconsistency, Herbert Aptheker, in his thorough excoriation of Morris R. Cohen's *The Faith of a Liberal* (NM, June 11, 1946), did not fully discharge his duty as a reviewer. Granting Aptheker everything he said about this book to be true, I find the picture of Morris Cohen incomplete. There was a contradiction between Professor Cohen's "faith" and his practice on many occasions, and this should be noted not only to amplify an inadequate estimate of a man but to understand more fully the contradictions of liberalism.

During the decade or so in which Professor Cohen and I were both teaching at the City College in New York, we frequently criticized and opposed each other, publicly and privately. But I remember that he was influential in ridding the college of its infamous President Robinson, and fought Robinson in the faculty at times almost alone. I remember that when Robinson and a cowed faculty were expelling anti-imperialist, anti-fascist students literally by the score, Cohen spoke and voted against the expulsions. I remember how important Cohen was in helping remove compulsory military training from the college campus.

And above all I remember this: In 1941, the anti-Communist, anti-Soviet hysteria was at its height; the Coudert Committee had terrorized the municipal colleges in New York; some forty teachers had been suspended; I was under criminal indictment. There was a panic on the campus. Personal "friends" avoided us; colleagues dodged us for fear of contamination that would lead to a subpoena from the Coudert Committee. Most of the liberals cowered. But Morris R. Cohen agreed unhesitatingly to appear as a character witness in my trial. I recall the amazement on Judge Jonah Goldstein's face when Cohen took the stand: Cohen, who had specialized in the philosophy of law, and who was president of the Conference on Jewish Relations, the Jewish Academy of Arts and Sciences, the Jewish Occupational Council, and of an important committee of the reactionary American Jewish Committee. None of the forty or more direct victims of the Coudert attack can forget the moral victory that was ours in his mere appearance in our defense.

It was not only that Cohen testified that I had a "very high" reputation for "honesty and veracity," and was "honorable, idealistic" and "scholarly" in my dealings with my students. The trial record also shows that Dewey's District Attorney Sol Gelb asked Cohen: "Did you ever hear that the Communist Party stood for the establishment of the dictatorship of the proletariat through insurrection, rioting and revolution by force?" Cohen said: "I heard it. I don't know it as a fact." Gelb asked whether, if the preceding question were true, his opinion of me would change. Cohen said: "Not in the least." The Judge himself took over the cross-examination and tried to involve Cohen in Red-baiting, but failed. My lawyer, Edward Kuntz, asked Cohen: "Do you happen to be a Communist?" Cohen replied: "I happen to be distinguished by the fact that the Communists have attacked me on three separate occasions," and he referred to one article in New Masses. When he left the witness-stand, Professor Cohen hurried from the courtroom in disgust because, he said, he had seen enough of Judge Goldstein's tactics. Cohen certainly was not at that time "In Fascism's Garden," which is the title of Herbert Aptheker's review.

I am defending not Professor Cohen but the record. Maybe his confusing words will live on and do harm long after some of his constructive actions are forgotten. But our Marxist estimate should be based not only on words but on deeds. The contradictions of liberalism appear much clearer when the whole picture is seen.

Morris U. Schappes.

New York.

## "Make Mine Straight!"

To New Masses: I am Canadian veteran and I have been reading New Masses avidly since it first was introduced to me two years ago. I shall continue to read it and look forward to each new issue eagerly. However, I have some criticisms to offer.

In the July 2 issue, in the column "Just a Minute," you quote Joe North as saying that Canadian progressives have a feeling that they are intimately involved in the political lives of three countries, Canada, England and the US. I feel there is a great deal of truth in that. I have subscriptions to the excellent British *Labor Monthly*, the Canadian *National Affairs* and also the *Tribune*. From the US I get *Soviet Russia Today* and New Masses.

Canadian progressives are vitally concerned about what is taking place in the US and I, for one, want to have it brought to me through the discerning eyes and mind of a Marxist. I want it straight, in blunt working-class manner and not dressed up in "arty" clothes. These are times when tremendous things are happening and they are also dangerous times, no time to lose contact with the people. Art is a weapon and has always been used as a weapon, and the working class must use that weapon in their struggles. But it must be understood by the working class and it must reach into their daily struggles and problems.

My criticisms may seem harsh in the light of some of your hard-hitting articles and some of your short stories, but I feel that NM and working-class art belong not to just a class of progressive intellectuals but to the whole working class. You must not take too much for granted in your readers. In concluding I think your magazine is great and for that very reason I want it to reach out to an ever-widening circle.

H. L. D.

Medicine Hat, Alberta.

## Epigrampf

To New Masses: The following epigram is quite timely and may be of interest to your readers:

To Laborites, Herr Bevin proved a toilsome pal;
In fact, the Labor Party has a vicious crampf:
Because, in one hand, Bevin holds *Das Kapital*,
And, in the other, he ignobly hugs *Mein Kampf*.

Morris Kellerman.

Long Beach, N. Y.

## On the Beam

To New Masses: Your cartoonists are really on the beam, and getting better and better—Turnbull, Gropper, Esskay, Kruckman, Keller; and this new guy, Fradon, is a find. And a special citation for Royden's "Senator Rankest"—he's good every week, a feature NM can be proud of.

Lewis Burns.

Detroit.

## Thanks, Elizabeth!

To New Masses: Thanks, NM, and thanks, Gurley Flynn, for your most excellently done, unskimped, vivid and exciting report on the state of the nation as only you can do it. I hope to hear from you again soon.

Ray Pearce.

New York.



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# SUBSTITUTE FOR LIFE

***The cloak of Machiavelli covers a writer's fear of his fellow man. Art as a refuge.***

**By WALT McELROY**

THEN AND NOW, *by W. Somerset Maugham. Doubleday.* $2.50.

IT HAS been customary for some time to offer W. Somerset Maugham such acclaim as few men of letters have achieved in their lifetimes, most having found it necessary to die in order to win their just deserts. If by right of seniority he is not entitled to claim his rewards now (he has outlived a whole generation of famous contemporaries), then by right of perseverance he should be. After more than a half century of literary activity, he is still writing—and presumably his latest novel is still not his last.

*Then and Now*, if it is not Maugham's final testament, nevertheless presents itself with an air of finality. (It has been several years now since Maugham published *The Summing Up*, but certainly he can be forgiven for adding some afterthoughts.) As his vehicle he has chosen the historical novel—the tale of the past which is only too clearly intended as a parable for the present.

For a hero we have Niccolo Machiavelli—the Florentine politician and writer, author of *The Prince*, whose name has become the symbol of devious intrigue. Machiavelli's Italy is the Italy of the Borgias—the Italy of Pope Alexander VI, of his son, Cesar Borgia, and Cesar's sister, Lucrezia. This is a turbulent Italy of petty states incessantly at war, racked by the depredations of the *condottiere*. Threatened by the Borgia's military and diplomatic power, the Florentine republic sends Machiavelli to represent its interests at his court in the city of Imola. With his nephew Piero, Machiavelli travels there and takes lodging with a prominent merchant, whose beautiful young wife he plots to seduce in such leisure time as he can find from his attempts to match the Borgia in intrigue. Foiled both in love and in diplomacy, he retires to Florence, overcoming his disillusionment with thoughts of a projected play which will deal with his experiences. (It is this play of the real Machiavelli's, *Mandragola*, which inspired Maugham's plot.)

The practiced story-teller's artfulness, for which Maugham has been so celebrated, has not deserted him. His tale moves quickly enough—perhaps too quickly. Granted that the episode he treats is a single brief incident in the crowded life of a man of affairs, such an incident, treated with deep enough understanding, might better have revealed the man and his times in all their many-sided depth and richness than the elaborate plot of the stock historical romance can ever do. Yet *Then and Now* has neither depth nor richness; it remains curiously thin in effect—its story told in something like the manner of a schoolbook summary, its characters almost as lifeless as the personified traits of a medieval allegory. When the story-teller has finished his story, one is left with little but a sense of having been beguiled for a time.

Perhaps it is best to take *Then and Now* as the parable Maugham seems to intend. Certainly in his choice of a title he has made the intention clear—and even emphasized it with the motto which begins the book: "*Plus ca change, plus c'est la meme chose.*" ("The more things change, the more they're the same.")

It takes little discernment to see that the trappings of Maugham's Italy—brocade and armor, the friar's habit and the courtier's, beggar's rags—are but a thin disguise for our own twentieth-century world. And a bitter world it is, as Maugham sees it—a world in which the devil inevitably takes the hindmost. Maugham's Florence is a Florence "governed by men who had lost their courage; corrupt; and the citizens who once had been quick to rise up against those who threatened their liberties were concerned only to buy and sell." The analogy with the capitalist democracies of the post-Munich era is only too clear. But the ultimate depth of Maugham's pessimism is revealed in Cesar Borgia's stated opinion of democratic government: "They say that

Helen West Heller



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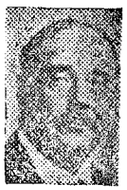

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dog doesn't bite dog: whoever invented that proverb had never lived under a democratic government." And Maugham's political solution is clear enough, even if it comes veiled in Machiavelli's final verdict on this sixteenth-century *duces:* " 'If Cesar Borgia is regarded as a scoundrel it is only because he didn't succeed.' " One wonders if that verdict is meant to apply to an equally ambitious Italian leader of more recent times, also popularly regarded now as a scoundrel.

But *Then and Now* is more than a political parable. Here we have also, succinctly stated, Maugham's conclusions about human life (in Machiavelli's words): " 'What a noble animal is man. . . . With audacity, cunning and money there is practically nothing he cannot do.' " And further, we hear in the Borgia's cynical estimate of his fellow men the corollary of his political attitudes: " 'Men will always forgive the loss of their political liberty if their private liberty is left undisturbed. . . . So long as their women are not molested and their property is safe, they will be reasonably contented with their lot.' "

If Maugham had left any doubt in the reader's mind that such conclusions should be taken as his own —not merely as the conclusions of his characters—then of course he would be entitled to the benefit of that doubt. But if anything, the reader is only too painfully aware that the characters are their creator's mouthpieces; and in that awareness, it is difficult to forget even for a moment that this is Mr. Maugham's little moral tale. Certainly one never achieves that "willing suspension of disbelief" which any genuine work of art compels.

Maugham's philosophy of art is the inevitable sequel to his philosophy of life. As he has his hero express it, " 'What is love in comparison with art? . . . Love is merely Nature's device to induce us to bring into this vile world creatures who from the day of their birth to the day of their death will be exposed to hunger and thirst, sickness and sorrow, envy, hatred and malice. . . . The creation of man was not even a tragic mistake, it was a grotesque mischance. What is its justification? Art, I suppose. Lucretius, Horace, Catullus, Dante and Petrarch. And perhaps they would never have been driven to write their divine works if their lives had not been full of tribulation. . . .' "

Not art as man's best means of understanding, and so enriching, his life —but art as a substitute for life, as a means of escape from life; so Maugham sees it at the end of a life devoted to its practice. But is it art? one may ask. Is not Maugham's very conception of art the explanation of his failure to create it in this latest of a long line of attempts? For *Then and Now* can be taken only as an embodiment of Maugham's philosophy—as a divertissement (more or less entertaining, depending on one's point of view), an attempt to provide a respite from life which contributes too little to our understanding of it to be taken seriously, as art must be taken.

## Song of Songs

THE ADVENTURES OF WESLEY JACKSON, *by William Saroyan. Harcourt, Brace.* $2.75.

IN *The Human Comedy* Saroyan managed to make love a dull emotion. Here he has surpassed that earlier performance: he has made love not only dull but actually repugnant.

The chief contributor to this almost impossible achievement is an Army private, Wesley Jackson. Wherever he goes—New York, Ohio, England, or Germany—and whatever his adventures, Wesley vehemently loves creation: "Love God. Love your wife. Love your son. Love your neighbor. Love your enemy, the son of a bitch —love him anyway."

Wesley himself is nineteen, ugly, and a "natural writer." His favorite song (everyone has a favorite song) is "Valencia," and in moments of joy at the wonder, the poetry, the beauty of it all, Wesley sums up his emotions with the poignant phrase, "Oh, Valencia." Since these moments are numerous, the cumulative effect becomes increasingly nauseous.

But Wesley is not alone in making love repugnant. His friends help. Though all of these are not obsessed with the wonder, the poetry, etc., they find unity in their similar love for creation. Victor Tosca says, "Just write about love. Just tell them about it over and over again." Joe Foxhall (a natural brother to *The Human Comedy's* Thomas Spangler) writes a poem to his unconceived son, stating, "Love's my Language." The madame of a sporting house "was full of love for people of all kinds, just so they weren't crooked." Wesley's Pop believes, "There is no truth excepting it is from love."



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Though there would be little factual basis for doing so, the reader might accept all this love were it not for the constant pointing, posturing and sentimentalizing of the author. The seeds of these elements were present in Saroyan's most important works, the collections *The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze* and *My Name is Aram*, but not till this account of Wesley's adventures did they assume such Gargantuan proportions. When he is dissatisfied with the Army and its caste system—and he often is—Wesley finds consolation in *Ecclesiastes*. When he wonders what the war is being fought for—and, strangely, for a man with so much love, he often does—he finds the answer in a blurred and softened pantheism. When a draft dodger (who writes letters "To the People of the World") is adjudged insane, Wesley must mystically probe into an undemonstrated saintliness in the man's actions. When a child is conceived, he must ponder the beauty of impregnation and pregnancy. When he meets and marries an English girl, it must all be to the accompaniment of frequent tears and constant soft-toned inner music.

This sentimentalizing of the action is aggravated by a similar attitude in the prose style. Saroyan uses two mannerisms. The first, the innocent and cutely childlike, is well known. The second has been apparent before, but has never assumed the importance it does here. It consists of ostentatious biblicism. When Wesley sleeps, words come to him: "Still, I am of the vain creatures, and the swiftness which the eagle does not know is his I say is mine, and the handsomeness which the lion does not know is his I also say is mine."

Again, when he takes his wife to bed, it is to this grandiloquent prose: ". . . I knew the time had come for Jill to be with her husband—to be truly wed to him, to take unto herself his heart's delight in her, to mingle it with her own in him, to see if their smiling together might be, by the grace of God, themselves together in their own element."

Now all of this adds up to a world of gushy sweetness that is not only unreal but actually dangerous. When men starve, love them. When Hitlers grow to power, love them. When the Negro is trampled upon, love him. When your innards rebel, love them too.

Do anything else? Well, no, just love things, just contemplate your navel and its beauty and love things.

It's hardly enough. Even well written it would hardly be enough. As poorly done as this, it is not even comforting mush.

JAMES LIGHT.

## The Bishop's Mission

THE TAKERS OF THE CITY, *by H. R. Hays. Reynal & Hitchcock.* $2.75.

IT IS on the record that the Bishop Bartolome de las Casas conducted a long, heart-breaking struggle to free the Indians enslaved in Hispanola. In 1545, backed by a decree of the Spanish crown, he set out to put the proclamation into effect in the remote See of Chiapas, a province of Guatemala on the Mexican border. The barbaric Conquistadores resisted with all the traditional weapons of the slave-owner and the imperialist. The highly articulate and courageous Bishop fought back with dignity and conviction and lived to see the victorious conclusion of his lifelong crusade.

H. R. Hays, poet and author of two "psychological thrillers," is equally at home in historical fiction. He stops his story several times to introduce tales from Mayan mythology which are far more interesting and infinitely more poetic than the dramatic incidents taken from other source material, or created by his imagination. Perhaps it is a hangover from his "psychological thriller" days, or perhaps there is a "trend"—to write history in the *Forever Amber, David, the King* pattern—but whatever the reason, Mr. Hays' fictional creations are a good deal less credible than the mythological gods or historical characters.

As the Bishop battles the exploiters, the author introduces a handsome young Hidalgo, Ricardo de la Fuente, a new arrival in Chiapas. It is emphasized that this aristocrat comes to the New World for romance and profit and that he expects his serfs to provide him with the luxuries enjoyed by European nobility. His first act is to take an Indian girl, Lucita, daughter of the Cacique of Cinacantan, into his bed. The sensitive young gentleman understands that "He was a Spaniard, she, as far as he knew, scarcely more than an animal. . . . For many months now he had been without a woman. . . . He gave himself no time for doubts as he took her, forcing himself to be brutal against his nature."

But as he is a nobleman—and white


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—and she is an Indian, she falls in love with Ricardo and when her father's tribe decides to strike back at the plantation owners she successfully pleads with her father for her lover's life. This, in spite of the fact that her caballero is trying to establish an adulterous relationship with a hunchbacked neighbor's wife. The Spanish lady, however, turns him down and he returns to Lucita. In the end, these literary incarnations get married and start a new life, even as real people do. Ricardo delights the Bishop by freeing his slaves. He and Lucita place seed in the ground with their own hands. A child is expected; it will be neither Spanish nor Indian; it will be a Mexican.

It is most revealing that Mr. Hays has solved his secondary plot with deliberate sentimentality. For the same can be said of the main theme. As Bartolome de los Casas goes about the grim business of trying to make the Conquistadores obey the Spanish Emperor's edict, the reader is bound to ask himself several questions. Why is a Dominican Bishop, a leader among those who introduced the terror of the Inquisition, interested in freeing Indian slaves? Why did the Emperor, an imperialist adventurer, allow the Bishop to persuade him to emancipate the oppressed? In the language of today, "What was in it for them and the class they represented?"

This question is not answered in 356 pages of this 365-page novel. The Bishop is portrayed as a great humanitarian who crusaded until the Emperor granted his request. A minor character offers the only realistic observation, just as the story is about to end.

"Indians given over as slaves pay no taxes, for they are the property of their owners. The Crown shall derive a greater revenue from free laborers."

"But it is said the naturals will not labor unless forced to do so," the secretary said.

"Know then, that when the time is ripe it will not be difficult to pass laws forcing the naturals to labor, and punishment shall not be lacking if they refuse."

It may be disillusioning to learn that the slaves were not freed solely through the efforts of an energetic Catholic liberal; it may even detract from the entertainment value of an historical novel. But as history is concerned with facts rather than myths, it is proper to question the legitimacy of romanticism and sensationalism in a book dealing with the type of events described in *The Takers of the City*.

T. C. Foxx.

## Case History

MARGARET, *by Caroline Slade. Vanguard Press.* $3.

POVERTY's destructive effects on family life is the theme of Caroline Slade's latest novel. Margaret is a pitiful fifteen-year-old victim of miserable housing conditions, her father's brutality and a moronic, cruel, paralytic grandmother.

Margaret wants new clothes, money for movies, a soda and a life away from the unhappiness of her family environment. In return for money she submits to the advances of an elderly pervert, and soon becomes a procurer of young girls for a whole ring of wealthy degenerates. Though she is soon apprehended, she is so hardened against the threats of the law that she refuses to divulge information that would lead to arrest of the criminals. Far from being moved by the sight of girls she has helped to destroy, she is confirmed in her belief that refusing to "squeal" establishes her superiority. Her aim, after incarceration, is to return to the "easy money."

Mrs. Slade indicts our social system which builds "bigger and better junior jails" instead of "better homes, and security in those homes . . . playgrounds, and more training for teachers and nurses." The "strictly legal" judicial mind, and old fashioned physicians who resist the modern facts of life, are also arraigned as delinquents.

The author writes out of her experiences as a social worker. Her important contribution in this novel is the frank revelation of the sordid scenes that are the inescapable concomitants of poverty in the midst of abundance.

Few will disagree with her on the need for healthier environment as a means of preventing juvenile delinquency. But, at the same time, her simple humanitarian, non-political approach to social problems tends to conceal the real culprit, our capitalist society, the manufacturer of poverty. Because of this, *Margaret* loses stature as a potentially dramatic social document, even though it remains an interesting case history.

MACK ENNIUS.



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## Why India Is Hungry

RESTLESS INDIA, *by Lawrence K. Rosinger. Holt.* $2.

MR. ROSINGER'S book on India is commendable for several reasons. First of all, it is objective in its treatment of the facts. Second, it is brief and to the point and throws considerable light on recent Indian developments. Starting with the observation that differences exist between the leadership of the Congress Party and Moslem League, Mr. Rosinger joins the few who have broken with the tradition of half-truths and refuses to end his report there. Instead, he goes on to note that despite these differences "many [of the recent] popular demonstrations took place under the combined flags of the two organizations and there was little hint of Hindu-Moslem religious antagonisms." And in presenting the opposing views of the various Indian Nationalist organizations, he does not hide the fact that almost all these groups agree on one basic demand—that the British imperialists quit India at once.

Why this unanimity around the "Quit India" demand? Mr. Rosinger's answer digs deep into fundamentals. For example, in recent months there have been a stack of press reports of a famine that is already gripping parts of India and which threatens to take more than the one and one-half to three million lives lost in the catastrophic 1943 famine in Bengal. In discussing this problem, usually handled under the misleading title of "overpopulation," the author presents the striking bankruptcy of the British-instituted land-ownership and taxation systems. A glimpse of the plight of peasant owners in India stresses the need for a government that will institute badly needed agrarian reforms. It is clear that such reforms must precede any solution of the recurring famine problem. It is also certain that the Indian Kisan (peasant) does not expect these reforms from a government run in the interest of the "white Sahibs."

Another example is Mr. Rosinger's treatment of the deliberate British policy of impeding the industrialization of India. He shows that "the country is still very backward in turning out heavy machinery and machine tools, and does not as yet produce a single internal combustion engine, even though this is the heart of modern industry." With such background material even


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a newcomer to Indian affairs will understand the reason why the Indian workers, particularly the trade unions, want the British "out" so that a native and representative government can be established to develop Indian industry and end India's semi-feudal existence.

Finally, consider the author's discussion of the sterling assets that accrued to India's credit in Britain during the war, in return for the drain on India's resources by the British. Mr. Rosinger writes "there is no indication that India will be able to use its new sterling assets for purposes other than those that are acceptable to British financial and commercial interests." This balance of over a billion pounds is nearly forty-seven percent of India's annual income. Far from representing India's surplus wealth or "high" standard of living, these credits are a measure of the forced tribute taken by Britain from India. If these balances could be used by India to make her purchases anywhere in the world, then they could buy the necessary heavy machinery from abroad, develop industries at home, and thereby raise the standard of living of the Indian people. Mr. Rosinger's observation therefore can serve as a test to measure the significance to be attached to any British offer of independence to India: for real independence should include the freedom to use these assets as India—not Britain—sees fit to use them. As Mr. Rosinger points out, factors such as these, in addition to the cultural control, racial discrimination and social inequality that has accompanied British rule in India ". . . help to explain why the nationalist movement embraces varied sections of the population from the Bombay industrialist who wishes to be free to develop his interests without bowing to foreign control, to the Bihar peasant who sees in independence a chance to reduce his rent."

The book is not completely satisfying because of certain omissions. For example, insufficient space has been devoted to the young, yet increasingly powerful Communist Party, and its program for Indian freedom. Mr. Rosinger fails to note that the recent demonstrations led by Indian students in Calcutta and by the working class in Bombay took place not only under the combined banners of the Congress and the Moslem League, but also under the banner of the Communist Party.

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is growing among the rank and file in these organizations, such an omission can lead to incorrect conclusions in interpreting these events. Nevertheless, for anyone interested in a concise and enlightening review of India today, this book is definitely recommended.

HENRY LAWSON.

# Films of the Week

UNDER the general title of *Liberation in Europe*, Artkino has released four films produced by the Central Documentary Newsreel Studios of the USSR. Dealing with the pre-war history, the underground struggle and the final liberation of Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria and Albania, the films not only document an important sector of struggle in the past war, but light up an area which for the average American is probably the darkest and least known corner of Europe. But what the spectator will probably value most is not the military relevance of the partisan activity nor the sociological data on the different countries, but the realty of these ordinary people with guns in their hands and what seems like the actual light of history on their faces. Moving through the nightmare landscape of their ruined cities, the people emit a kind of exaltation, as if caught in the frenzy of impersonal wonders. Some of the scenes are as fine as those from *Potemkin*.

Of the films, *Czechoslovakia* is probably the best, the most fully rounded; *Albania* probably contains the most new material. The former picture begins with some beautiful shots of pre-war Prague and Brno, sketching in material on the way the people lived then and of the origins of the nation. Coming into more modern times, it once more restates the treacherous sell-out of the country at Munich by Chamberlain and Daladier, and the consequent occupation of the nation by the armies of Hitler. With the extension of the war and the entrance of the USSR, the film documents the creation of the Czech army in the Soviet Union and the beginning of the long battle back to their homeland. Probably the finest section of the picture deals with the insurrection in Prague, the desperate fight of the resistance forces and the headlong dash of the Soviet armored spearhead which raced to the assistance of the fighters in Prague.

The documentary *Albania* is not nearly so complete as the others. It gives the impression of having been filmed, half of it probably before the war as a kind of travelogue and the other half after the liberation. There are some pictures of the partisan forces, the men who made the phrase "to go to the mountains" synonymous with rebellion against the occupation army, but there are no scenes of the guerilla war which these partisans carried on for years. Nevertheless, the film is extremely interesting because of the information it gives about this small unindustrialized out-of-the-way country, with its mixture of Christians and Moslems, which now, after a long sleep, is awakening under its popular front government into a period of national progress.

The films on Bulgaria and Yugoslavia, the liberation of Sophia and Belgrade, are similar to, if not as complete as, the one on Czechoslovakia.

Appearing with these documentaries at the Stanley Theater are two others, *Liberation of Paris* and *Liberation of Turin*, produced by the Committees of National Liberation of the respective countries. The French picture is the better filmed, there having been enough cameramen to cover the insurrection, the building of the barricades, the street fighting in the various parts of the city. The result is a harmony of organization which the Italian picture lacks. There is in the latter picture, however, short as it is on actual scenes of conflict, a fierce pride on the part of the underground fighters which gives the film tremendous force. There is also an indication of the proletarian composition of the partisans, which in the French film gets smothered under the Cross of Lorraine.

"THE STRANGER" is a would-be thriller which pretends to a certain topicality, since it concerns the discovery of a concealed Nazi big shot who is sweating out the peace as a schoolmaster in a little New England town. The topical quality gets lost in the chase, which unfortunately is not exciting enough to allow the picture to succeed purely on the level of melodrama.

In Europe, officials of the War Crimes Commission allow one of the petty Nazi murderers to escape, in the hope that he will lead them to bigger game. Straight as a homing pigeon he

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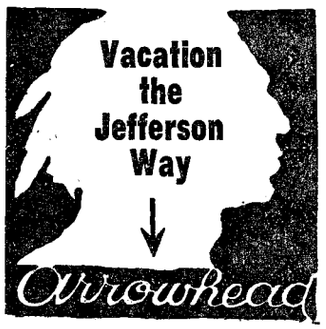


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heads for a small town in Connecticut, with investigator Edward Robinson hot on his trail. However, a half hour after arriving in the town, the decoy disappears. The investigator's problem then is to try to determine who in the town the man had come to see.

Since we already know that the super-villain is none other than Orson Welles with a droopy mustache and a teaching certificate, and that by now the ragged stranger is sleeping the long sleep in an improvised grave in the nearby woods with the marks of teacher's fingers on his throat, our knowledge makes detective Robinson's failure to recognize his man right off the bat seem a little bit like collusion. It isn't long, though, before he sees through it all. When Rankin, the school teacher (aptly named), informs him that Karl Marx was not a German, but a Jew, he knows he's got his man.

The film then becomes a battle of wits (for want of a better phrase) between the two, the detective seeking confirmation of Rankin's identity, the latter attempting to cover up. After the detective manages to plant in the mind of Rankin's wife (Loretta Young) the cankering worm of doubt, Rankin has someone else to get rid of. From this point on, the movie begins to build up a head of steam, but by this time it is a little too late.

As director, Orson Welles has managed to get a good performance out of Edward G. Robinson. His greatest success, though, is in the creation of the easy, relaxed atmosphere of the New England town. If he had managed to make his Nazi the real article, instead of leaving us the uneasy impression that Rankin is just an excellent example of the taxidermist's art, he would have been able to set the mounting tension of the story against the background of a place where such things never happen, and the result might have been as exciting as he no doubt hoped. The failure in the story, therefore, robs the background of any organic relationship to the film, and the town becomes only local color.

What Welles is able to do with Robinson, he is quite unable to do for himself. His Nazi, far from being the suave, capable creature we might expect, is a bungling kind of fellow who, instead of becoming one of the high priests of murder, would probably have got no higher than block warden in some German Podunk. When a crisis develops, about all he can do is sweat and pop his eyes slightly, a type of be-

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havior which may suggest either the tumult within his satanic soul or the need for a metabolism check-up. As far as acting is concerned, Loretta Young, as Rankin's wife, suggests that the two are well mated.

IF YOU are capable of shedding tears over imaginary or self-conceived problems among members of the upper middle class, *Claudia and David* is just the kind of diabolically devised machine to wring your heart as thoroughly as a shirt in a mangle. Its methods, it might be added, are just as mechanical.

It is another chapter in the story of the struggling young architect with the fifteen-room house in Connecticut, and the darling but dopey wife who is still refusing to grow up. If the movie *Claudia* saw her growth from girlhood to wifehood, the sequel may be said to portray her struggle between wifehood and motherhood, and, brother, our heroine fights every inch of the way. It takes an automobile crash which almost kills her husband to force her on the next step toward maturity, but at this rate the poor guy will have to get himself hanged, drawn and quartered before his wife reaches a point where she ceases to suggest that she is just an intellectually undernourished brat whose maiden name is probably Jukes or Kallikak. Of the Connecticut Kallikaks, that is. Somewhere along in this process of education, you reach a point of diminishing returns, and it just isn't worth it. The film reaches that point remarkably soon, but it doesn't draw the necessary conclusion. In the first quarter of the picture Claudia asks if her husband had the measles as a child. "What do you think I was?" he asks, "underprivileged?" It goes on like that.

As the story unfolds, it manages to catch in its toils a fortuneteller, a couple of cases of measles, a jealous and neurotic wife and her handsome husband, and a case of jealousy on the part of Claudia. Everything seems to come along by two's, just as in the Ark, and like the Ark, everything gets into the film. But just as you have decided you have the key to it all, David has this accident and Claudia learns what her mother had meant when she said, "Make friends with pain." Naturally David recovers, and the film ends with everyone back in his place ready to do it again.

The movie, with its cheap sentimentality and its series of contrived crises, is as phony as a nine dollar bill.

THOMAS MCGRATH.

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